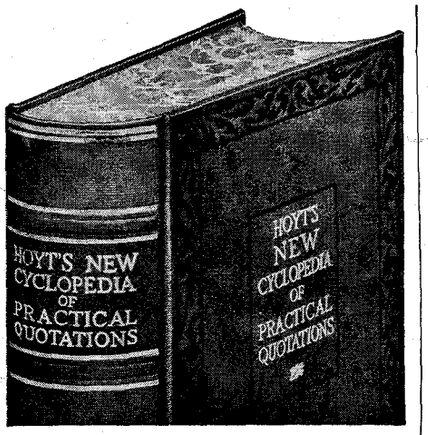


Most Useful Book of Its Kind in the World!

A work that contains not only modern quotations but quotations that date back to the time of Homer, on almost every conceivable subject, by noted men and women of all nations, in every walk in life. It is a rich compendium of extracts from the speech and literature of the ages, embracing words from the lips of the great, songs, sayings, proverbs, inscriptions, familiar phrases and household words, etc.

Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations

Completely Revised and Greatly Enlarged

By KATE LOUISE ROBERTS

This magnificent book will prove a valuable aid to every one and of special assistance and interest to—**PUBLIC SPEAKERS**—To heighten the thrill of their oratory. **LAWYERS**—To clinch arguments in court. **PREACHERS**—To embellish sermons. **TEACHERS**—To drive home ideas in the words of another. **CORRESPONDENTS**—To enliven one's social letters. **AUTHORS**—To develop new view-points. **COMMERCIAL WRITERS**—To increase results. **EDITORS**—"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

21,000 Quotations Conveniently Compiled and Indexed for Quick Reference

The manifold subjects which it treats are grouped under alphabetically arranged headings, starting with "Abhorrence" and running through to "Zephyrs." There are, for instance:

350 quotations on "War," including striking phrases coined in the World War; 444 quotations on "Love"; 334 on "Life"; 235 on "Women"; 139 on "Man." These figures convey some idea of the GIGANTIC SCOPE of the work.

Every foreign phrase given is accompanied by the English translation.

Book With 3,000 Authors

A most comprehensive alphabetic concordance gives the page number on which the words appear in the text; an alphabetic list of the 3,000 authors quoted tells who they were, when they flourished, date of birth—and death if deceased; and there is a topical index of the 1,036 headings with cross references.

Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations. Size 7 x 10 inches. 1,374 pages. Cloth binding, $7.50; Buckram $8.50; three-quarter Morocco, $12.50; Full Morocco, $15.00. (Add 25c. for thumb-index.) Postage 30c. extra.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

The Literary Digest

FOR JANUARY 9, 1937

Volume 123 • Number 2 • Whole No. 2438
Copyright 1937 • Funk & Wagnalls Company
Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

Contents

ADVERTISING 35
ART 26
BRIDGE 28
EDUCATION 21
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY 36
FOREIGN COMMENT 10
OFF-SIDE 40
PARADE 31
PSYCHOLOGY 20
RACKETS 30
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE 16
SCREEN AND STAGE 23
SPORTS 32
THE SPICE OF LIFE 40
TOPICS IN BRIEF 9
TOPICS OF THE DAY 3

Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given. THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, President; ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer*; WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

What Is News?

Sir:—"Don't express an opinion unless you can quote an authority! Don't let free advertising creep into your copy!" These are two of the rules I lay down for students on my high school newspaper staff.

For an example of the first rule, I always point to THE LITERARY DIGEST; for an example of the second, alas, pointing to THE LITERARY DIGEST is no longer possible. Whole pages of your universal magazine are devoted to free advertising such as your recent story donated to ring-makers.

ALLEN B. WILLIAMS.
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

On rule No. 1, we agree with Mr. Williams. On rule No. 2, we ask these questions of a pupil willing to learn:

In publishing what is intended to be an accurate and thorough research magazine, should we refer to "a small car of popular make" when me mean Chevrolet?

Would we satisfy our readers by appraising a play without reporting the theater in which it is given, the names of playwright, producer, stage designer, actors?

Is it a "donation" or specific reporting to review "Be Glad You're Neurotic," naming the author and publisher and stating the price of the book?

(Continued on page 39)

IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE 100%

Have that healthy

TAN

that Men and Women Admire!

DON'T have that pale, indoor, "pasty" look—when you *can* have the natural *ruddy glow* of vigorous health. The same kind of Tan you get on a Florida beach! Your personal appearance is either a distinct social and business asset—or a handicap.

■ Now a daily "sun bath" in the privacy of your own home, will keep you *looking* like a Million Dollars—and *feeling* as physically fit as you look.

LOOK SUCCESSFUL — BE SUCCESSFUL!

■ A good, healthy coat of tan has a surprising effect on your business success. You look healthy and virile and instantly command attention. Salesmen find their sales actually increase after they have acquired a real bronze *tan!* And you will find yourself more popular, for both men and women are attracted by that healthy outdoor look!

IMPROVES HEALTH AS WELL AS APPEARANCE!

■ Your daily bath with ultra violet rays does far more than enhance your appearance. For these rays actually help to increase youthful vigor and vitality. They tend to stimulate glandular functions. Ultra violet rays are known to be remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases and in destroying germ life. Many cases of pimples and temporary blemishes have yielded quickly to their purifying action. These rays have often been found unusually effective in cases of listlessness and anemia and are an invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets. Children have responded rapidly to their beneficial results.

4 TIMES AS POWERFUL AS SUMMER SUN!

■ Now Health Ray has made a really high quality, genuine carbon-arc sun lamp available at a price within the reach of all—$7.95. In 15 minutes with your Health Ray lamp you can get the equivalent ultra-violet radiation of an hour in summer sunshine.

COMPLETELY GUARANTEED

■ Compact, convenient, easy to operate, approved by many of the finest testing laboratories in the country, and fully guaranteed, this lamp will be the greatest investment you ever made!

SEND NO MONEY!
TEST IT AT OUR EXPENSE!

■ We want you to *experience* the remarkable benefits the perfected HEALTH RAY SUN LAMP brings. We offer you FREE use for 7 days in your own home . . . 7 days works wonders in the way you look and feel! Then if you decide to keep it, it is yours for the remarkable new low price of $7.95. Pay as little as one dollar down payment.

Health Ray Mfg. Co., Inc., 342 W. 14th St., N. Y. C.

CHEAPEST FORM OF HEALTH INSURANCE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY

$1.00 DEPOSIT BUYS IT!

DON'T WAIT! MAIL COUPON NOW!

HEALTH RAY MFG. CO., INC.
342 W. 14th St., Dept. 20A1, New York City

Send me full details of your special FREE TRIAL OFFER on Health Ray Sun Lamp.

Name.....
Please write Mr., Mrs., or Miss

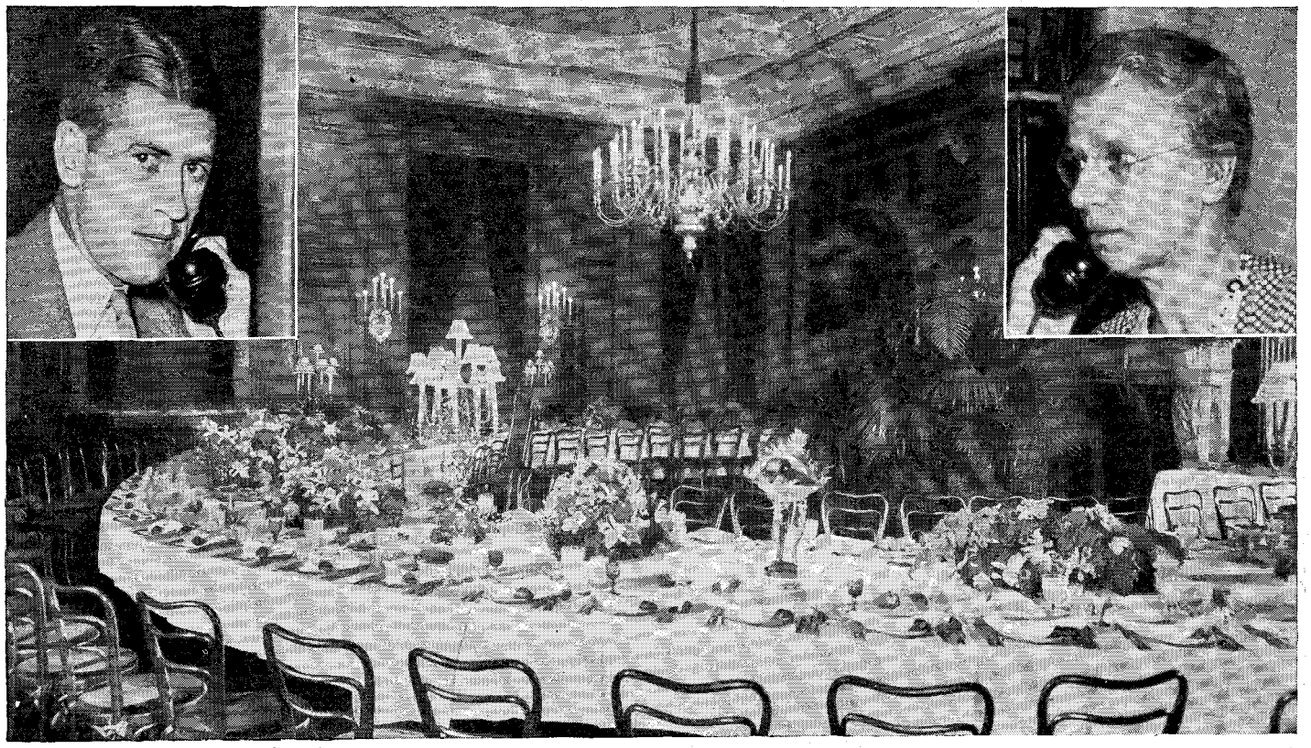
Address.....

City..... State.....

This is NOT an order—Ship NOTHING C.O.D!

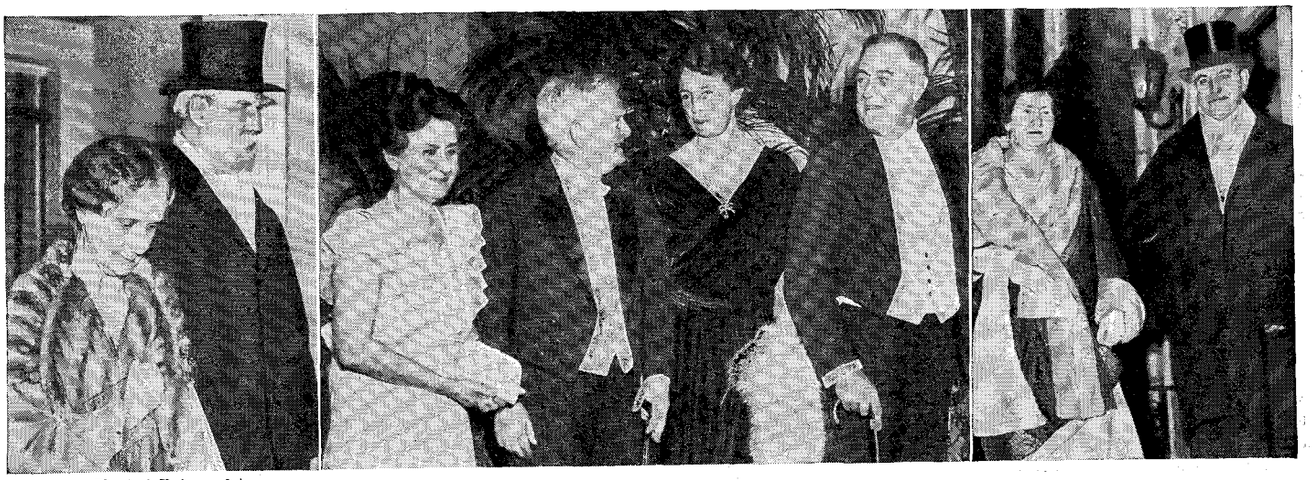
Copyright 1936 Health Ray Mfg. Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



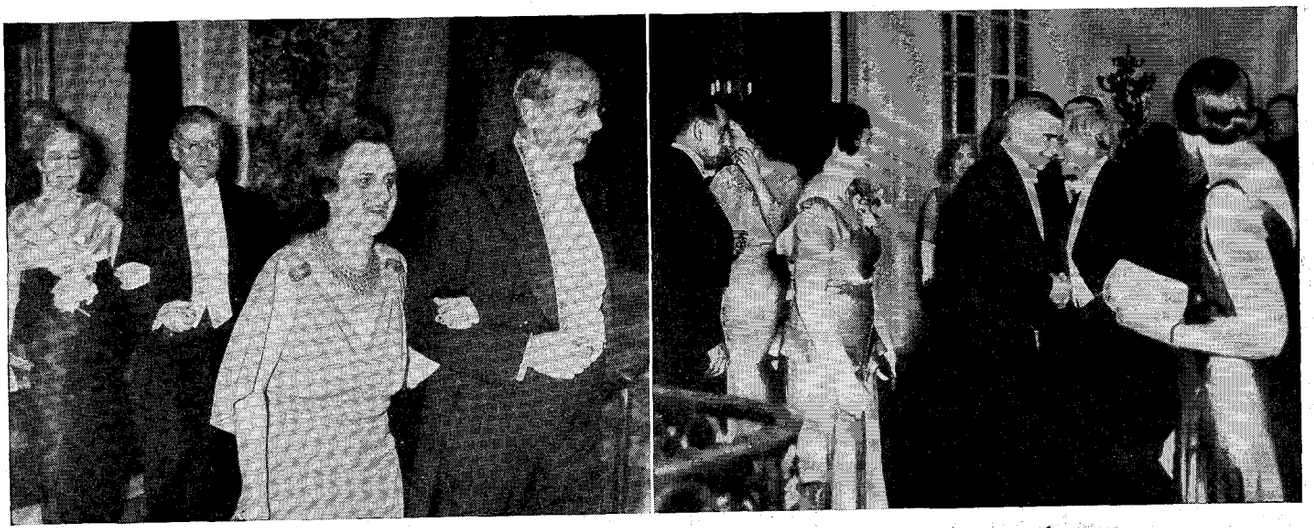
Photos from Harris & Ewing and Underwood

House telephones are busy as the White House social season begins; (left) Raymond Muir, chief usher (right) Mrs. Nesbit, housekeeper



Photos from Harris & Ewing and Acme

Officialdom once again dons evening clothes; central figures: Garner objects, Roosevelt acquiesces, first ladies enthralled (left) Chief Justice and Mrs. Hughes (right) Associate Justice and Mrs. Roberts



Acme

On parade: leading, Attorney-General Cummings and Mrs. Morgenthau, then Secretary of Interior Ickes and Mrs. Daniel Roper (left) Informal moment in Washington's social whirl

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Literary Digest
NEW YORK JANUARY 9, 1937

Topics of the day

SOCIAL FRENZY OF WASHINGTONIANS

Capital's Merry Whirl Starts With Myriad of Rigid Rules

Washington Society, long shackled, kicked the lid off last week, swung into the most dazzling season it has had since the depression spawned bread lines, knocked the wealthy back on their heels.

Money is spinning again; hostesses are plotting major campaigns; diamonds and pearls are coming out for renewed display; caviar and terrapin reign once more. Crowding the calendar are dinners, receptions, débuts, teas, breakfasts, musicals, luncheons. Back again are the splash and color and fire of the old-time Washington whirl, making a merry, if slightly mysterious, circus for the nation.

Officially, the season began last week with the Diplomatic Reception at the White House, a brilliant fete of gorgeous uniforms and gowns. It followed another scintillating affair—revival, at a cost of $50,000, of her famous New Year's ball by Mrs. Evalyn W. McLean, owner of the $300,000 Hope diamond.

Official List—This week came the Cabinet Dinner. Next week will be the Judicial Reception and Speaker's Dinner, to be followed by other official affairs. Meanwhile, hundreds of private fetes will be given.

To the neophyte, the whole elaborate social machine in the Nation's Capital may seem either hopelessly bewildering, or not unlike the caviar carousel of any other big American city. Probably it is more like the glittering capitals of Europe than anything in these States, but Idahoans, Kansans and Vermonters need only to learn the rules to feel at home. For rules rule Washington.

Rule No. 1: An invitation from the White House is a command; illness the only acceptable excuse for staying away.

As for the Minister from *Graustarkia's* tea or cocktails at the *Sosnovian* Legation—wives of Senators, Representatives and *Functionaires* are at perfect liberty to stay at home and darn their husbands' socks if they prefer.

Many official Washingtonians never attend a social function of any kind. Some just don't care for that sort of thing; others, strictly dry, are reluctant to go out where the bubbles fizz and breaths are heavy with grape. Hundreds find repaying obligations and keeping up stepper-outer wardrobes too expensive.

Awe—But many and many a woman is "just plain scared of" the razzle-dazzle.

Back home she may have been the proverbial big toad in a small puddle. Here, she risks going down as a nonentity. But one factor will guarantee her certain prestige if her husband is an official.

Rule No. 2: The rule of precedence. Many a home town cipher whose husband entered House or Senate has been jumped into unaccustomed prominence by good old Rule 2.

Wise is the woman who learns all about the trickiness and rigidity of precedence at the outset. She is doubly wise if she makes no leap into the Washington whirlpool until she has engaged, or at least consulted, a social secretary. For a secretary is as important to a social neophyte as a jockey is to a race-horse. Through her, and by conning the social "Bible" ("The Social List of Washington, D. C.," edited by Helen Ray Hagner), she will be saved many falls.

Brown Bros.

Peggy O'Neal Eaton: "thumbs down," cried Washington's social snobs

First, the social-minded daughter of Eve will probably set herself and husband up in an apartment or house a trifle larger and more expensive than they can afford. Next, it will be well for her to subscribe to theater opening nights and one good morning musical. Some social service or charity work is absolutely *de rigeur*.

When it comes to clothing, her taste and maybe pocketbook will be the guides. Her jewelry must be real; her finger-nails polished and pink, but not too pink. Her husband may or may not possess evening clothes. If he doesn't, he can rent an outfit for $4 a night.

Rules—Many "dos" and "don'ts" must be learned by *Mrs. Novus Legis* if she is to escape raised eyebrows, deadly "regrets" when she sends invitations. Two "dos" are essential:

1. Repay calls promptly, according to the ritual.
2. Acknowledge invitations. Declining or accepting makes little difference. The important thing is to acknowledge them.

Among the "don'ts" are:

1. Never forget the rules of precedence.
2. Never leave an affair until the Guest of Honor has prepared to depart.

To these, Mrs. Hagner has added several suggestions to avoid the embarrassing snarls that may result when hostesses trip over precedence.

1. "Do not ask the Chief Justice and an Ambassador to the same dinner."
2. "Do not ask a Justice of the Supreme Court and the Minister of a foreign country to the same dinner."
3. "Do not ask the Speaker of the House and the President *pro tem.* of the Senate to the same dinner."

Mix-Ups—Jealousy over precedence has caused many a row in dignified officialdom. Back in Theodore Roosevelt's Administration, Speaker "Joe" Cannon was miffed because he was not given the guest rating he thought he deserved. Out of it grew the Speaker's Dinner, at which "Uncle Joe" held the spotlight.

A more recent upheaval was the fight between Mrs. Dolly Gann, sister and official hostess for the late Vice President, Charles Curtis, and Alice Roosevelt Longworth, wife of the late Speaker, Nicholas Longworth. Mrs. Longworth contended that as the wife of the Speaker, she outranked the sister of the Vice President. Mr. Curtis appealed to the State Department, but no official decision was given. At a Diplomatic Dinner, Mrs. Gann was seated ahead of Mrs. Longworth. After that, the Speaker's wife refused to attend any parties at which Mrs. Gann was present.

Solution—Out of it all came another official dinner—one for the Vice President, so that President Hoover would not be accused of showing partiality through the Speaker's Dinner. This year, the Vice President's dinner has been abandoned through a telephone deal made by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Garner, canceling the affairs they usually give each other. Garner likes to take his shoes off in the evening, to go to bed at 9 o'clock, except on Poker Evenings.

Another quirk over precedence came with the first Congresswomen. At first, it was decided that the wives of Representatives and Senators should hold the rank of their husbands and Congresswomen should be seated accordingly in relation to them. But in the end, after a flare-up, the Hoover Administration decided to give Congresswomen precedence over the wives of all Representatives and Senators.

Custom Decrees—As for the ratings of others: An Ambassador is traditionally a representative of a ruler and, therefore, a Senator, for instance, must call on *him*. A Minister, however, is a representative of a people; therefore, he calls on a Senator. But he takes reception precedence over a Senator, and a Senator over a Representative. Senators rate according to years of service. Cabinet members call first on Senators and Foreign Ministers, but precede

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them at social functions. Wives of Cabinet members rank ahead of Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins. All very simple.

At a White House dinner, the woman guest of honor sits at the President's right, the woman second in rank at his left. At Mrs. Roosevelt's left is the ranking man, the second at her right. The system plays both ends against the middle, where the least in official rank are seated.

The White House dining-room is not as large as it might be; ninety guests will crowd it. As a result, Chief Usher Raymond Muir, who has charge of the seating arrangements, often finds himself facing a ticklish task.

Only Once—Muir's predecessor, the late "Ike" Hoover, recalled in his book, "Forty-two Years in the White House", how the Theodore Roosevelts tried to crack the problem by giving the Diplomatic Dinner in the more spacious East Room. It was disastrous. The food had to be brought so far from the kitchen that it was cold when served.

It is all according to a fixed pattern that has grown adamant with time. Andrew Jackson tried to alter the unwritten system. But "Old Hickory", soldier and duelist, took the beating of his life from the ladies of Washington.

He tried to force them to accept Peggy O'Neal Eaton, daughter of a tavern-keeper, widow of a Naval Purser who committed suicide, then wife of Major Eaton, Jackson's Secretary of War. Washington "talked" about Peggy Eaton. The President sponsored her, entertained in her honor, fought for her in and out of the White House. But thumbs were down on Peggy Eaton; Washington society would have none of her.

Jackson's inauguration, however, did set a precedent, the like of which has not been seen since. The doors of the White House were flung open and the rabble rushed in to drink orange-punch and make merry. Their muddy boots stained the carpets, they stood on chairs and upholstered furniture, shattered a costly chandelier. Jackson only said:

"Let the boys have a good time once in four years."

RED BRAINS: Left-Wing College Raises Storm-Clouds Over Arkansas Ozarks

Storm-clouds of political and religious passion floated over the Arkansas Ozarks last week, came to rest directly above peaceful Polk County and threatened to give its 14,857 citizens a thorough drenching.

The immediate cause of the impending cloudburst was Commonwealth College, a novel educational experiment situated eleven miles west of Mena, Polk's county-seat. Officially, 914 indignant Menans scrawled their names beneath a resolution circulated by a Baptist minister regretting "that this college is in our midst." Unofficially, they wagged their heads over "godlessness," "free love" and "communism" rampant on Commonwealth's 320 acres of farm-land and its twenty-odd buildings.

A member of the Arkansas State Legislature, promising that there would be "an awful fight" put up to have the college thrown out of the State, said plaintively: "Of course they're reds, just as red as any in Russia; but you've got to admit they're smart. There is as much brains out there among those thirty or forty people as there is any place in Arkansas."

Turmoil—To Commonwealth's student body and to its tiny faculty of eleven teachers, the excitement was nothing new. They had been through it all before. There had been clamor enough fourteen years ago, when Dr. William E. Zeuch, Wisconsin graduate (in 1935, Planning Division Chief of the Interior Department's Subsistence Homesteads) and Kate Richards O'Hare, one-time Socialist candidate for Vice President, arrived in the Ozarks with their idea of a "resident labor school"—one which would provide a "worker's education" for any one who cared to attend, and which would function on a basis of "cooperative living."

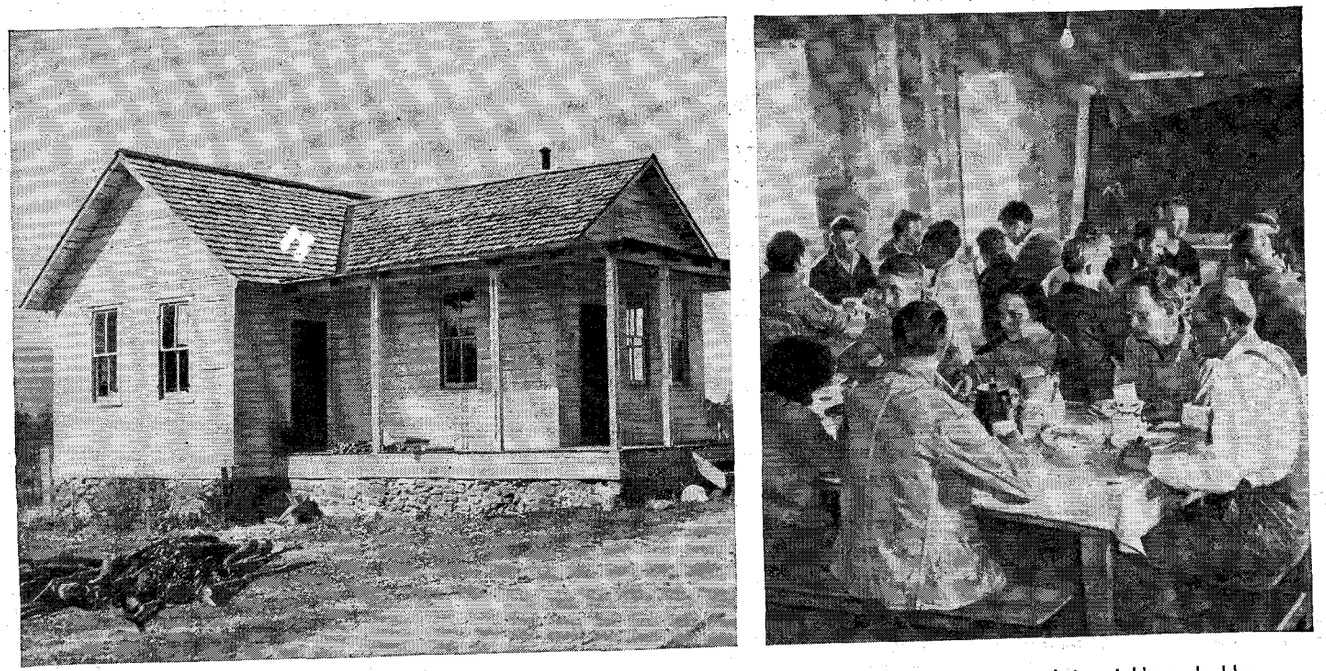
With $27,000 donated by the Fund for Public Service (the Garland Fund of New York), $5,000 from the Carnegie Foundation and additional contributions from the International Ladies Garment Workers, Amalgamated Cotton Workers, and other union organizations, the Commonwealth founders bought a sizable portion of Arkansas farm-land, built a plant consisting of classroom buildings, dormitories, a library (which to-day houses 8,000 volumes), laundry, kitchen and the "Commonwealth store"—twenty-two frame cottages in all.

With the help of scholarships financed by union friends—and, for a while, by $100 a year from Supreme Court Justice Brandeis—the college's enrolment increased until it averaged fifty students a year. Only one or two of these each year come from Arkansas. The rest are drawn from all parts of the country, and from all classes. There are ultraconservatives and extreme radicals, farmers and factory workers.

Questions—The tuition is $40 per quarterly term. Prospective students need have no previous educational background, but they must evince a sincere interest in the labor movement. They are required to fill out a questionnaire which, among other things, calls upon the applicant to "tell a good joke," "describe an interesting movie you have seen."

Once enrolled as Commonwealth undergraduates, students find themselves in no ivy-clad, Gothic retreat where, for four years, they can sip a pleasant mixture of books and horse-play. They are in the strangest of academic surroundings—where teachers receive no pay and are addressed by their first names, where students sleep out under the trees in summer, where democracy is the password.

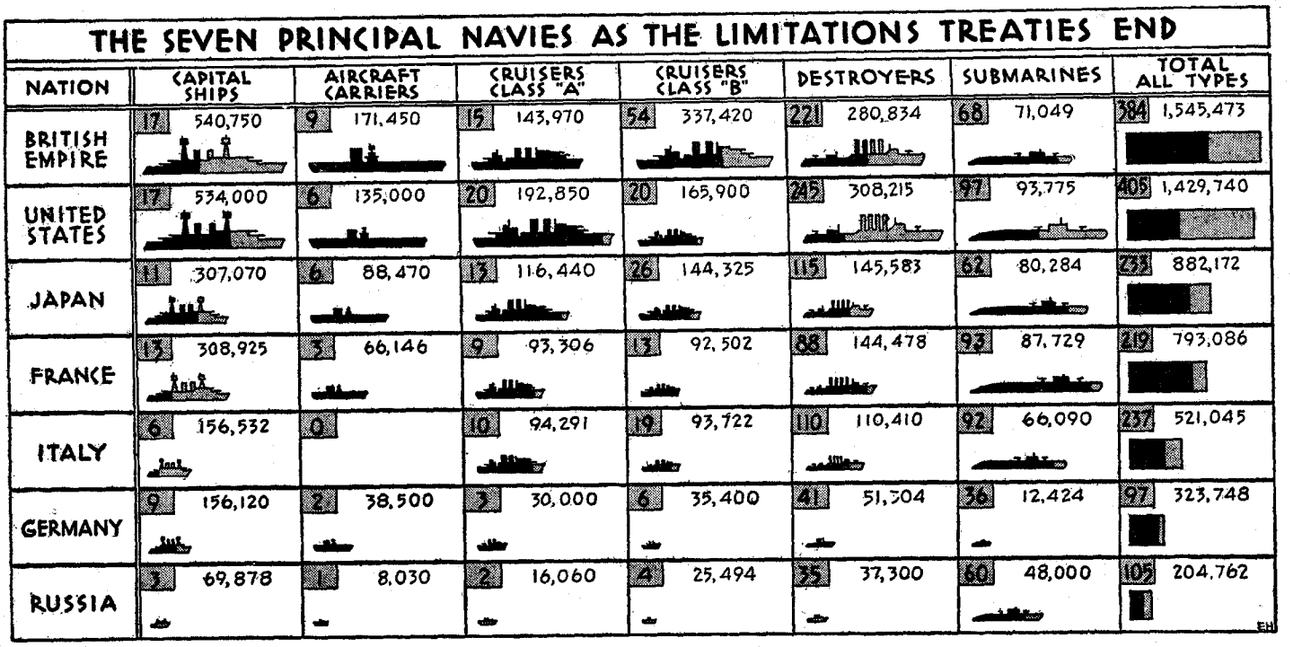
The classes—always lecture courses—are free of all formality, held quite often in the kitchen of the main building after the dishes have been cleared away. The instructor may stand with his foot resting on a chair, his back turned to a cheery log fire. His class is strung out on long wooden benches. The courses include economics, history, journalism, public speaking. Some of these are subdivided into classes such as "labor problems" and "propaganda in journalism." The instructor's habit is generally overalls, or *khaki* pants



Keystone Photos

Administration building and dining-room of Commonwealth College: cooperative living among students . . . their neighbors shudder

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New York Times

Figures in upper left-hand corners, number of ships; figures above, total tonnage; black portion, new tonnage; shaded portion, old tonnage

and leather puttees. Pupils wear shorts, corduroy slacks or any other article purged of the *bourgeois* stamp of the city.

Work—Between classes, teachers and students work "cooperatively" at wood-cutting, farming, cooking, laundry work, canning or printing (the college magazine is *The Windsor Quarterly*). Twenty hours of work a week pays for board and lodging.

In spare time there is work to be done in strikes or other labor disturbances in the near-by towns.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Commonwealth is its Museum of Social Change, conceived a year ago by one Bob Brown. Serving as a combination curator-janitor, Mr. Brown's hazy but none the less startling objective was to gather under one roof an assortment of articles that would vividly record the collapse of the capitalistic system. He issued calls for photographs of brokers' club-rooms papered with worthless securities, of penthouse ladies clad in $80 shoes and $50 stockings and, for contrast, pictures of bread lines, of shoes fashioned from discarded auto-tires, of ten-cent wedding-rings, of impoverished farmers harnessed to their plows.

He began his collection of capitalistic curios with a "used wad of the white-collar clerk's chewing-gum—that impregnable Gibraltar of Wrigley's fortune." Henry L. Mencken was moved to contribute a Gideon Bible and a cluster of Rotary badges.

Now Curator-Janitor Brown is tracking down objects which will illustrate "the intellectual and ethical" disintegration, as exemplified by the use of police as a "class instrument," by commercialism in religion (*i.e.*, Aimee Semple McPherson, the late Billy Sunday), sex and sports, by news monopolies and medical fakes, by the withholding of inventions from use, by the existence of R.O.T.C. units and CCC camps.

Shocks—Commonwealth plodded along with its Left-wing experiment in liberal enlightenment and kept out of serious trouble until February, 1935. Then sufficient pressure was exerted on the Arkansas Legislature by indignant Polk County planters to start an investigation. A joint legislative committee heard grizzled farmers describe nude co-ed bathing-parties in Mill Creek, hard by the college, followed by alleged intimacies on the river bank; heard a drawling, embarrassed deputy sheriff tell how he helped two fathers "recover" daughters who had been "lured" to Commonwealth; heard one college official calmly announce that he considered the Russian form of Government "in many ways superior to the American," and another that she did not know the "common definition of God."

The college's defense against these attacks was that it expounded Communism, but did not teach it. Instructors declared that never did they suggest "revolution" in their many-sided and experimental studies of social problems.

The committee ultimately exonerated Commonwealth, but did so with its tongue in its cheek. In a report it stated that it could find no "positive testimony" that overthrow of the United States Government by force was actually being advocated at the college.

But it appended: "Militant actions in fostering and leading and agitating dissension by strikes and otherwise over the State are extremely radical and close to the border line." The committee recommended "that a close check be kept hereafter on the manner in which the principles they advocate are urged to be put into effect by the people."

Reports from the Arkansas Ozarks last week indicated that the good citizens of Polk County were following the committee's advice to the letter. In their resolution, they asserted that they would do everything they could "in a legal way" to have Commonwealth dismantled and boarded up.

So threatening was the attitude of the community that college officials called upon the Senate Civil Liberties Committee to "look into the college itself, then . . . to investigate antidemocratic and reactionary antilabor influences of planters in the Arkansas Legislature."

NAVAL RACE: Knell of Fleet-Limiting Treaties Sounds; U. S. Building Up First Line of Defense

Big Ben boomed its twelfth stroke, ushering in a new year and a new naval race. Bells in thousands of cities and towns rang out the old, rang in the new; and a post-War dream died a dismal death.

In 1922, when a halt was called on the vicious race for bigger and better battleships by conclusion of the Washington Naval Treaty, later supplemented by the London Pact of 1930, there were but five major sea Powers—America, Britain, Japan, France and Italy. To-day, the world picture has changed and two new faces are on the list—Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia.

Largely because of the sea rearmament of these two militant Powers, the signatories of the two naval limitation treaties let them expire and the race for maritime might become a question of "keeping up with the Joneses." *Uncle Sam* won't find it difficult to keep up with *John Bull*.

Rates—All in all, as the treaties end, the United States Fleet stands on a par, if not superior to, the armada of the British Empire, its only close rival in the long-predicted and long-feared naval race. The Navy's General Board, surveying the situation as the lid blew off last week, rated the seven sea Powers thus, on the basis of warcraft built, building or appropriated for:

	SHIPS	TONNAGE
U. S. A.	405	1,429,740
Britain	384	1,545,473
Japan	233	882,172
France	219	793,086
Italy	237	521,045
Germany	97	323,748
Russia	105	204,762

The majority of the new craft laid down or projected are submarines and destroyers, but the list includes seventeen new superdreadnoughts of 35,000 tons each with a speed of approximately thirty knots and fourteen- or sixteen-inch guns. These

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mammoth "battle-wagons" cost $50,000,000 apiece.

Initiation of the new naval race came from nations classified as the "have-nots" which have experienced resurgent military nationalism in the last five years. For them, naval rearmament was part and parcel of the general rearmament incidental to demands for recognition as major Powers.

Touch-Off—The one incident which, more than any other, started the race was Germany's launching of the 10,000-ton "pocket" battle-ship *Deutschland* in 1931. France immediately countered by building two battle-ships of 26,500 tons each. Italy followed by announcing two 35,000-ton battle-ships and France countered again with two 35,000-tonners.

Meanwhile, Germany built two more "pocket" battle-ships and is planning two full-sized fighting units of the 35,000-ton category, to which France says she will add three more for a total of five. No longer bound by the fourteen-year holiday on "battle-wagons," Japan has drafted plans for four new monsters, while the United States and Britain are calling for two each.

Limitation of the smaller categories of war-ships was wrecked by intensive Italian cruiser and destroyer building beginning five years ago out of which emerged ships of both classes outstripping in speed and power anything in the fleets of other nations. France hurriedly sought to meet these with still faster cruisers and destroyers.

Uncle Sam is away out in front in the building race, with ninety-five warcraft totaling 288,215 tons, exclusive of two projected heavy battle-ships. Other ships are: three aircraft-carriers, 54,500 tons; two heavy cruisers, 20,000 tons; nine light cruisers, 90,000 tons; sixty-three destroyers, 98,350 tons, and eighteen submarines, 25,365 tons.

More—Britain has seventy-eight war-ships building or appropriated for, totaling 332,735 tons, while Japan has thirty-one warcraft totaling 90,194 tons on the ways. The French program consists of four battle-ships, 123,000 tons; two aircraft-carriers, 44,000 tons; five light cruisers, 38,400 tons; twenty-two destroyers, 28,900 tons, and thirteen submarines, 12,528 tons. Germany is building thirty-nine ships and Italy has no fewer than sixty-six on the ways.

Tho Russia has made some extravagant claims about strengthening its sea power and has announced intention to build a first-class fleet, its main force is believed to be in submarines, most of the new ones being based on Vladivostok.

It is impossible to predict the size of any navy other than America's. By 1942, the United States will have a fleet of war-ships of the following numbers and purposes:

Battle-ships: Seventeen. It is the mission of these great floating fortresses of 35,000 tons to meet the enemy on the high seas and attempt to destroy him. Slow in speed, averaging twenty-three knots, they have powerful fourteen- or sixteen-inch guns and thick armor. In a "knock-down fight" nothing can withstand their attack.

Aircraft-Carriers: Seven. This post-War type of fighting ship, varying greatly in tonnage (12,500 to 37,000 tons in the U. S. Navy) carries a brood of planes which may be used to locate the enemy war-ships, attack a fleet from the air or bombard coastal cities.

Pictures, Inc.

Farmer's wife's great mosquito tale brings her diamond-studded medal

Cruisers: Fifty. These fall into two classes—light, from 6,000 to 8,000 tons, mounting six-inch guns; and heavy, 10,000 tons with eight-inch guns. Both types perform the same mission—to form the second line behind the battle-ships in fleet engagements and, more importantly, to raid enemy commerce and protect American shipping.

Destroyers: 266. These light, fast vessels are the Navy's cavalry. Varying in tonnage from 1,500 to 1,850, they generally carry five-inch guns, form a third line of battle, raid or protect commerce and search out submarines. Tho their light armament prevents them from engaging larger war-ships, they are dangerous even to super-dreadnoughts because of their torpedo armament.

Submarines: 100. These undersea craft, used so successfully by Germany in the War, carry light armament, usually three-inch guns. Their sting is in their torpedo-tubes.

They are successful in running blockades and are dangerous alike to warships or merchantmen because of their ability to fire torpedoes and escape before they can be fired upon.

In addition to these five primary types, the Navy has scores of tankers, transports, oilers, tugs, tenders, hospital and repair ships and even floating dry docks, but these aren't considered as fighting ships.

Britain, for example, has more aircraft-carriers than the United States, but the American ships are far more efficient and modern than the British vessels and *Uncle Sam's* naval aviation, as a whole, clearly is superior to the flying fleets of any other nation.

Yet, tho aviation is a force to be reckoned with, it does not supplant the "battle-wagons." There is a place for every form of armament in the modern navy, and everything is in its place.

'TAIN'T NO SIN: Tall Story Tellers Break No Commandment; Who Believes Them?

Where, alas, are the liars of yesteryear? The art of lying seems to be dying in America.

So, the other evening, lamented Lowell Thomas, collector of "Tall Stories" and Grand Giraffe of the organization of the same name, to his radio audience.

Last week, from Burlington, Wisconsin, came ample proof that radio's Tell-Me-a-Tall-Story Man was not lying. Judges in that city's Liars' Club's annual best-lie-of-the-year contest had sweated through the contributions of 5,600 aspiring prevaricators from every quarter of the globe. Lies had come rolling in from Japan and Australia, from North Dakota and Kiel, from the Straits Settlements and far Peru. Looked like the winner would be *some liar.*

Prize-Getter—The winner was Mrs. Gale Barnhouse, farmer's wife, of Fowlersville, Michigan, who drove her horse and buggy nine miles to telephone the judges instructions where to ship her crown of glory.

Her winning lie:

"Once there was a mosquito—a big one—so big it menaced a prairie town. Weaned on chicks, raised on roosters, ducks, turkeys, calves and cows, the stinging giant once had for lunch a tough old mule named Maud. In midafternoon, half-way down the insect's gullet, protesting Maud let go a terrific kick, broke the mosquito's neck, saved the town."

Recalling some of the whoppers of other years, Thomas and many others could be pardoned for thinking that something had gone wrong in the land of tall talk.

"The practise of talking tall, is, of course, old in American custom," the announcer wrote in the preamble to his collection. "It has been one of the classic elements of American comedy. Tall stories have been told for generations. Most of us, if we dig hard in memory, will recall having heard a few; but, at the same time, most of us will be astonished at the bulk and variety and immense humor of the great American whopper."

Sabbath-Breaker—One of the most popular whoppers, first in the Thomas book, was the one about the Church Member and the Ram.

"Ward Ice, Chief of Police, of Weirton, West Virginia, informs us that his grandfather was a great church member. One Sunday morning the man of righteousness returned from services at the little log church. He was full of the Sabbath spirit of piety. He went out into the barnyard, and there he saw a commotion among the sheep. The animals had stirred up a hornets' nest and the hornets were chasing them.

"Those hornets were hot after the old buck ram, and one particularly big and ferocious insect landed on the ram's hind quarters and inflicted a powerful sting. Grandpa heard that ram clearly and distinctly. He heard it say "Damn!"

The profanity, especially on the Sabbath, so shocked the pious church member, that he instantly told his wife:

"Ma, I guess I'll be butcherin' the old ram to-morrow."

And then there was the one that won

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another and (apparently) livelier lying contest. The cow-hand had lost his mount, was wandering afoot through the mesquite when he saw a giant eagle swooping down upon him.

Saved—"I raised my gun to kill him with the last bullet, when I heard the wham of a rattler under my feet. Couldn't git 'em both with one bullet, you say? Well, I done it. I aimed her right smack at the top strand of the bob-wire fence, split the bullet in two, killed the eagle with the top half and the rattler with the bottom half."

In Chicago, however, O. C. Hulett, President of the Liars' Club, stoutly defended his selections as based on their wealth of exaggeration, humor and originality.

"The winners are the best lies I've heard or read this year, and that's no lie," he unblushingly said.

An insider in the nation's Capitol snickered. "He ought to hear some of these Washington boys.

BARTENDERS: Rochester Revelers Get "Mixed" Drinks in New Year's Eve Strike

Thirsty revelers in Rochester, New York, blinked and gasped on New Year's eve. An ordered Martini became a Scotch and soda when served; side-cars turned out to be gin fizzes.

Reason: 200 members of the local Bartenders' Union had walked out in sympathy with the city-wide strike of 600 waiters, cooks and waitresses.

Nineteen down-town restaurants employed non-union men. The tap-room at the Powers Hotel, old and exclusive drinkery, closed entirely. Rochester stomachs were already resigned to emergencies, tho, since the cooks and waiters had been out a week.

Patrons Pitch In—Donning chefs' caps and white jackets, members of the fashionable Rochester Club invaded the kitchen, prepared their own meals. Seen tackling kidneys, sweetbreads and steaks were members of the Rochester Business Institute Faculty, prominent business men. Rotary Club members served themselves at the weekly luncheon.

Only once did the strikers relent. They made no exception of the testimonial dinner to U. S. Judge Harlan W. Rippey at the smart Genesee Valley Club and a reunion of Justices of the Appellate Division.

Fear that the bartenders' strike might spread didn't alarm hotel or restaurant owners throughout the country. Known to be loosely organized, the Bartenders' Union does not include most of the ruddy faces behind bars.

Since repeal, most of the "have-one-on-the-house's" have been free-lances, do much shifting about. For this reason, the national union is planning this year to reorganize along firmer lines.

"Old 75"—One of the strongest and most famous locals is "Old 75," in Washington, D. C. Originally founded in 1901, it had $600 in the treasury by 1917. When prohibition came, this sum was divided, distributed to the Y.M.C.A. and the Little Sisters of the Poor.

July 6, 1935, "Old 75" decided to revive its charter. Membership now includes about 85 per cent. of the bartenders in the Capital, numbers over 300. A distinguished member is Louis Harbert. Tipping the scale at 365, he is reputed to be the largest bartender in the world.

Honorary Member—Rep. Vincent L. Palmisano, of Maryland, tended bar while working his way through law school. He is an honorary member of "Old 75." Likewise honored is Rep. Everett M. Dirksen, of Illinois. He labored to do away with the "closed bar" in the District. Just after Repeal, all bars were closed up, drinks mixed out of sight. Dirksen got his bill through Congress.

Other honorary members of "Old 75" are Massachusetts Supreme Court Justice William J. Granfield, Rep. James M. Mead, of New York, Sen. William H. King, of Utah.

Postmaster General Jim Farley, another "ex-bartender," is an honorary member of the Boston Local of the Bartenders' Union.

Demand—In the face of a national shortage of experienced "old-time" barkeeps, it is expected the new bartender schools springing up here and there will supply enough competent graduates within five years to fill the increasing demand.

Business is booming for John T. Fitzgerald at his school. He has already trained 1,200 at his "laboratory" on New York's Broadway. About 10 per cent. of those who come to him are college graduates. They spend three weeks learning the trade, can then usually find jobs paying $30 to $35 a week. Classes last one and a half hours, five days a week. After a longer course, price $80, a job is definitely guaranteed. Students line up behind a 106-foot bar, work on imitation liquor.

Women—Fitzgerald also coaches a few feminine bartenders. "The tea-room type," he calls them. Most of the women behind bars, however, are in foreign restaurants, often one is the proprietor's wife.

"Of course," the Professor explains, "a man has to have personality, besides the ability to mix drinks. But the average young man can get a job without half trying if he's had a little experience. Some of the young fellows don't like the idea of having to be bartenders, particularly if they're graduates of Harvard or Princeton."

The ranks of barmen suffered two losses recently. Meryl E. Dowden, Acting President of the Bartenders' Union of Springfield, Missouri, quit his job to become a member of the Fundamentalist Baptist Church. Lloyd J. Renfro, of Kansas City, also stopped mixing drinks—"had to give it up and serve God instead of working in one of the devil's dens."

C.I.O. STRIKES: Lewis's Drive to Organize Auto Industry Ties Up General Motors Plants

The first days of January, 1937, augured a long winter fight between capital and labor.

Bonuses paid, the election over, with labor claiming much of the credit for the Roosevelt landslide, the United Automobile Workers of America opened a campaign to include the entire automobile industry within its ranks.

Backed by the John L. Lewis Committee for Industrial Organization, strikes broke out at Flint, Michigan; Cleveland and Norwood, Ohio; Kansas City and Atlanta.

Drive—In an intensive drive, the C.I.O. served notice it would build up separate industrial unions as collective-bargaining agencies for workers in automobile, steel, glass, electrical apparatus factories, as well as those employed in the manufacture of ships and rubber products.

Within a week, 37,000 men were out of work through strikes in ten of General Motors' sixty-nine plants. Fears were entertained this would be one of the most far-reaching, costly revolts on record, spreading by its own force to steel, coal, cotton, other accessories used in automobile manufacture.

"Employer trouble," not labor trouble, was threatening the nation, Lewis declared.

"The giant General Motors Corporation," he thundered over the radio, "is at present pursuing the dangerous course of refusing to answer the request of the

Vincent Lopez, orchestra leader, serves 3,003,677th drink at Hotel Astor's Broadway Bar

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United Automobile Workers for a national conference for collective bargaining purposes.

Demands—Both sides admitted willingness to bargain. Difference was that General Motors insisted it be done in each individual plant, with plant managers; the union held out for bargaining on a national scale.

Union demands as outlined by President Homer Martin were:

1. Union recognition in each of G.M.'s plants.
2. Reinstatement of all workers who "have been discriminated against because of union affiliation."
3. Establishment of seniority in all plants.
4. A new minimum rate of pay.
5. A thirty-hour week; six-hour day, with overtime pay.
6. Abolition of piece-work.
7. Readjustment downward in the present speed of operation in assembly lines.

Unless the company negotiated on these demands, approved by union leaders in ten cities, Martin said it would face a general strike involving 275,000 persons.

Reply—William S. Knudsen, Executive Vice-President of General Motors, accused the union of calling strikes without attempting to bargain, listed six points as indicative of the situation in the company's plants:

1. A total of $120,000,000 had been appropriated to continue production in the company's plants during the slack season.
2. Employees have received a $10,000,000 bonus and wage increases totaling $34,000,000.
3. Working hours for the last year have averaged 40.2 weekly.
4. The November average wage was 78.6 cents an hour.
5. The pay-roll increased from $143,000,000 in 1932 to $360,000,000 in 1936.
6. Conditions are comparable with any in the same industry throughout the country.

Knudsen announced that 135,000 production workers would be laid off this week. He did not mention the other 100,000 production workers and 40,000 clerical workers employed by the organization.

Strike—Meanwhile, the Fisher Body strike indicated graphically how strikes can spiral, hit out in various directions.

The initial strike at Fisher plant No. 1 late one night affected 1,600 men and women on the night shift, and 5,500 others on the day shift. This plant supplies all bodies used by Buick, therefore Buick was unable to operate the next day.

All orders for steel, rubber, tools and supplies were canceled. Advertising orders were held up.

Some plants will continue because a three-week supply of rough glass remains. Otherwise the glass situation is critical. Once glass furnaces are allowed to cool, weeks are required to heat them properly.

Typical of the most modern strikes, 600 workers in two closed Fisher plants in Flint staged "sit-down" strikes. Efforts were made to dislodge the workers, injunctions were sought and granted.

Maritime Progress—Meanwhile, in Washington, Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward M. McGrady returned from California, confident of a solution in the maritime strike. He cited two issues as blocking an immediate settlement: (1) preferential hiring of masters, mates, pilots and enginemen and (2) an eight-hour day for stewards and cooks.

Cooks and stewards, he said, are now on call fifteen hours a day but work only ten. Union leaders want an eight-hour day, ship-owners have offered to compromise on nine hours.

The Dollar Line announced that the strike on both coasts had tied up the last of its fourteen ships.

President Roosevelt further announced he would seek to restore Federal power to abolish child labor, fix minimum wages, maximum hours in industry.

Green Utopia—Apparently disdainful of the national labor disorders, William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, dreamed of a workers' Utopia.

"Before industry can reach capacity production," he said, "every one who wishes to work must have employment, and every family must have an income of at least $3,600. These things are not impossible if we work together advancing each other's welfare, and with special favors to none."

This sum is between three and four times as much as the average family now receives in a year. On the basis of fifty weeks, it works out at the rate of $72 a week. From such a vision, other visions flowed; good houses, cars, fine clothes, the best of food, many luxuries for everybody.

Ignoring Mr. Green but not Mr. Lewis, Arthur Krock observed in the New York *Times:* "They (the strikers) will affect the budget, because they prevent a normal reduction of the relief rolls. They will affect the discussions of neutrality because industrial embargoes are closely intertwined with that subject. Everything before the executive and legislative branches of Government is shadowed by the strikes, and if they grow to the proportions indicated, that shadow will grow also."

DROUGHT-BEATER: Three-Score and Sixteen, Farm Wizard, in Hospital, Plans Irrigation

Comeback story number one for 1937 emanated from Omaha, Nebraska.

Propped up in a Methodist Hospital bed, W. T. Clark, seventy-six, smiled at reporters.

"I'm not an old man yet, I've still got a future ahead of me!"

Suffering from a heart ailment, he had been admitted in early November. A month passed when he was considered as "just another patient," a Burlington Railroad research worker. Then the hospital was suddenly bombarded with inquiries.

Few realized till then he was the William Timothy Clark listed on Page 729 of "Who's Who in America" for 1924-'25.

Westerner—Born in Ohio, active in Kansas and Colorado during his youth, Clark went to Washington in 1898.

Sure of the practicability of the "chiseling," "damming lister," and "contour farming" methods of irrigation, he talked a railroad friend into providing a round trip pass to Seattle and $10 expense money.

In the Pacific seaport, fired by "jawbone," he persuaded a man to gamble $100,000 on irrigating the Yakima Valley. Sagebrush, sand and jack-rabbits were the leading assets of the 10,000 acres in East Washington, to-day worth $5,000,000.

He sold Valley skeptics on the idea that irrigation might bring about an agricultural *El Dorado*. The Moxee Valley turned slowly from a desert into an apple-orchard, Clark was worth $500,000 in seven years.

Wenatchee—In 1905 he moved to Wenatchee, town of 600 inhabitants. Again he preached irrigation. On credit, an elaborate system was built. This included a $700,000 bridge and aqueduct, the first over the Columbia River. Over the high-line ditch, built on the structure, water

Photo by Kenneth Bon from Omaha World Herald

W. T. Clark, dynamic comeback figure, has "still got a future ahead of him"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was brought to dry soil, volcanic ash often 100 feet deep. Trees, crops, young shoots all flourished.

Wenatchee's population swelled to more than 11,000. Clark's fortune got his name into the ranks of multimillionaires. He owned a newspaper, was President of the First National Bank.

Often in hot water financially, sheriffs in pursuit, Clark had the reputation of being a "promoter and plunger." He is said to have completed more irrigation projects in the Northwest by aid of private capital than any other man.

When he returned to Wenatchee in 1928 for the Silver Jubilee, celebrating the reclamation of the Valley, Clark said the work had been carried on with a $15,000 to $25,000 pay-roll and no money in the bank.

"Don't ask me where we got it," he added. "We just did."

Dreams—Addressing high-school students on that occasion, he declared:

"Always do lots of dreaming. Think about building a railroad to the moon. Dream and dream. Then if you find you can't tear up your dreams, carry them out."

Clark's peak in irrigation work was from 1900 to 1910, during which period he built six projects in the Wenatchee district, irrigated 70,000 acres.

He first started this work, digging ditches in the Yakima with a team of horses in an attempt to get the small vein of water running from the well on his own land.

In 1912, when bankers told him that the market would be unable to care for the apple production in his district, doubled over the previous year, he went east, negotiated sales in twenty-eight markets within thirty days.

He boxed the apples, a new idea then, sold them through sealed bids.

Crash—The war and the crash of farm values took every penny and more. Clark left the city in the early twenties. From an attic in Los Angeles, he started to repay every cent of the $500,000 he owed. This he accomplished and Wenatchee, calling him "dynamic" and possessed of rare integrity, great vision, named him "father" of the Valley, awarded him a medal.

In November, 1935, Ralph Budd, President of the Burlington Railroad, invited him to conduct research studies of irrigation on Nebraska and Iowa farms.

When he leaves the hospital, this will once again be Clark's occupation. But from his sick-bed he hopes for another career in irrigation. He believes he has found the way to "beat the drought" by new ideas for conserving and rebuilding soil fertility.

Confidence—About five feet, ten inches tall, Clark weighs 200 pounds, has snowy white hair, is partly bald. He speaks rapidly, suggesting confidence, almost cockiness.

Still ruddy of complexion, with a bushy gray mustache, he doesn't mind thinking back about the days he was down on his luck in Los Angeles.

"Sometimes I got so hungry, I'd steal fruit from stands on the street."

When he was found destitute in 1935, he was taken to Omaha, received a hundred dollars a month. His wife died in 1925; a son, house-builder, lives in Los Angeles.

Clark hopes his benefactor Budd will finance him in new irrigation ventures.

Topics in Brief

YOUNG CUBA GOES TO SCHOOL
—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

IT SEEMS that Mrs. Simpson put Baltimore on the map and Edward off.—*Dallas Morning News.*

EDWARD'S ABDICATION gives us the germ of a big idea. Perhaps Europe could get Hitler interested in a nice non-Aryan lady.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

THE ISLAND of Guam reported sixty-seven earth tremors in twenty-four hours. They are not counting them in Spain.—*Portland Evening Express.*

EX-MAYOR WALKER of New York will do anything for his party but stand for office, he wisely says. As a public functionary, Jimmy has had his night.—*Barron's.*

WE'RE HOPING that Mrs. Wahl, of Wisconsin, who left $5,000,000 to Harvard to found a school of journalism, hadn't been reading our stuff.—*Louisville Times.*

SOFT-HEARTED FELLOWS, some of these hunters. They set forth to slaughter a deer, and instead sit up all night feeding the kitty.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

ONE HEARS little about the Black Legion any more. The day seems to be past when night hoods were in flower.—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

A PROTESTANT MINISTER says the laying on of hands has never cured anything. He's mistaken. There are many known cases in which it has cured loneliness—and juvenile delinquencies.—*Washington Post.*

BY MOVING further and further back in the press, the Spanish war will presently find itself with six-day bicycle racing, which it strangely resembles.—*Portland Morning Oregonian.*

A LONDON MANUFACTURER finds himself with a few hundred thousand plaster heads of Edward on his hands. The whole enterprise was a bust, Dora says.—*Portland Morning Oregonian.*

THOSE who want the Archbishop to be more specific as to names and incidents of the high life he criticizes seemingly want a new series of Canterbury Tales.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

PARKING SPACE: An unoccupied space about seven feet wide and fourteen feet long next to the curb—on the other side of the street.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

WE ARE PROUD of hardships endured by our ancestors, and the snootiest people in the next generation may be the Daughters of the Jobless.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

THE MOST outstanding total eclipse of the year began when the umbra of the Windsor-Simpson romance fell on the Rogers-Pickford affair.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

WILDCATS are reported at several points in northern New York State—probably expecting to slip back into Wall Street while the SEC isn't looking.—*Portland Morning Oregonian.*

REPEAL has entered its Fourth Big Year. It has now become a permanent feature of American life, like "Tobacco Road" and the squabbles of Aimée McPherson.—*The New Yorker.*

SOMEHOW it's all rather sad to see the Republicans half-heartedly formulating plans to dig the G.O.P. elephant out of the landslide and whitewash him again.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

"DON'T swing to Left or Right," lecturer advises America, "the safest place is the middle of the road." The speaker must be unfamiliar with our automobile statistics.—*Dallas Morning News.*

WE NOTICE that there is an organization in New York called "The League for the Defense of Leon Trotzky"—or something to that effect. After all the things Leon has been through, we have an idea that he can defend himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Columnists' Corner

At the present time, Clark Wood has a severe cold in his head. Most of the time, however, it is entirely unoccupied. —Olin Miller in the Thomaston (Ga.) *Times.*

A rebuke from Val Irving . . . "You're so two-faced, mister," he squelches, "when you wind up behind the eight ball, it'll have to be two fours."—Louis Sobol in the New York *Evening Journal.*

An occasional Spaniard is still to be seen among the Fighting Spaniards. He corresponds to the O'Neill who played an end for Notre Dame.—H. V. Wade in the Detroit *News.*

At the Hickory House, the manager points to an illiterate bandsman. "He's driving his girl nuts," he states. "She always finds two X's at the bottom of all his letters—and doesn't know if he loves her or is just signing his name." —Leonard Lyons in the New York *Post.*

Germany will import a million tons of grain to make up for the domestic shortage. Wasting money on bread when the Nazi babies are crying for cannons. —Howard Brubaker in *The New Yorker.*

There are two kinds of people, good and bad. The good people are the ones like you.—Robert Quillen in the *Publishers Syndicate.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENGLISH GARDEN: LINDBERGHS' IDYL

Exiled Flying Colonel Reads About an American Kidnaping

Had not the American news in British dailies screamed "kidnaped" in four-inch-high letters last week, the Charles A. Lindberghs and their four-years-and-four-months-old son Jon might have been home in early Spring.

The danger to their child seemed over. Until after Christmas, the year 1936 had passed without a single major kidnaping. Since the so-called Lindbergh Law of June, 1932, empowered Federal agents to do what local police could never do, 177 kidnapers had been convicted, with sentences aggregating 2,230 years.

Thirty-three had received life sentences. Two had been lynched, five killed resisting arrest, six killed by other criminals. Three had committed suicide.

Only one case coming under Federal law was still pending, that of twenty-months-old Harry (Buddy) Browe, snatched from his baby carriage in Detroit on September 5 by a woman in blue.

Precursor—The Lindberghs had fled America after as harrowing an experience as any family could endure. Long after their agony should have ended, wave after wave of crank letters kept the wounds from healing.

Threats, written or telephoned, kept the terror ever fresh. And, last straw, overzealous photographers had almost perfectly simulated a second kidnaping, had made little Jon's face familiar to every criminal in the country.

That was too much.

In the dead of night, December 22, 1935, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh climbed aboard the 7,500 ton freighter *American Importer*, slipped down the Bay, out of America, leaving behind the eloquent understatement that they were seeking, for the flier, "time for reading and research"; for Mrs. Lindbergh, "time for her own studies and writing"; for little Jon, "a normal, peaceful life."

In tumult as chaotic and exasperating as anything they had fled, an army of British journalists and cameramen met them ten days later at Liverpool.

Extricating themselves from the milling crowd, the Lindberghs drove to St. Brides, near Cardiff, Wales, to live temporarily in the home of Capt. John L. Morgan, Mrs. Lindbergh's brother-in-law.

Weeks of house-hunting unearthed "Long Barn," a mellow, half-timbered house at the end of the secluded village of Weald, four miles from Seven-Oaks, Kent; thirty miles from London.

The barn, for which the house is named, was gone when the Lindberghs installed themselves. Years ago, it was torn down by the Lindberghs' landlord, former career diplomat, now author and Member of Parliament, the Hon. Harold Nicolson, and his wife, the former Victoria Sackville-West.

In its place stands a new, but skilfully antiqued wing of cheerful red brick, with a moss-grown tiled roof whose patina is almost as convincing as that of the more out-of-plumb fourteenth century wing whose rafters show through the tiles like ribs.

Breeches Lane, curving from the end of the village past the house, is one of those roads from nowhere to nowhere. Even at the Easter holidays, when a squad of London detectives was brought down to warn away the city folk who swarmed over the countryside, Breeches Lane remained deserted.

Legend says that John Caxton once lived in the house; and that on moonlight nights his ghost still sets up his ancient hand-press in the room next to that now a nursery for Jon Lindbergh. If so, the press prints no horrors of ladders at nursery windows or of little bones in the weeds beside a road.

Child at Play—Here the Lindberghs found a haven. As spring advanced, villagers saw Jon playing ball in the grounds with his governess, saw him balancing in a swing hung from an old tree, or, with a set of miniature garden tools, working beside his mother on one of the four descending terraces on the south side of the house.

Moved by real sympathy for the exiles, the villagers felt complimented when the colonel took to taking his own letters to the post-office, when he nodded cheerily to them, when he returned the "hullos" of the children.

They felt superior in the knowledge that in England kidnaping is virtually unknown, the only case in recent years being that of a child picked up by a band of gipsies who added her to their ragged flock with no thought of ransom or harm.

At the far end of the village, around a bend in the road, and snuggled against the long steep range of hills called The Weald of Kent, Long Barn is well hidden.

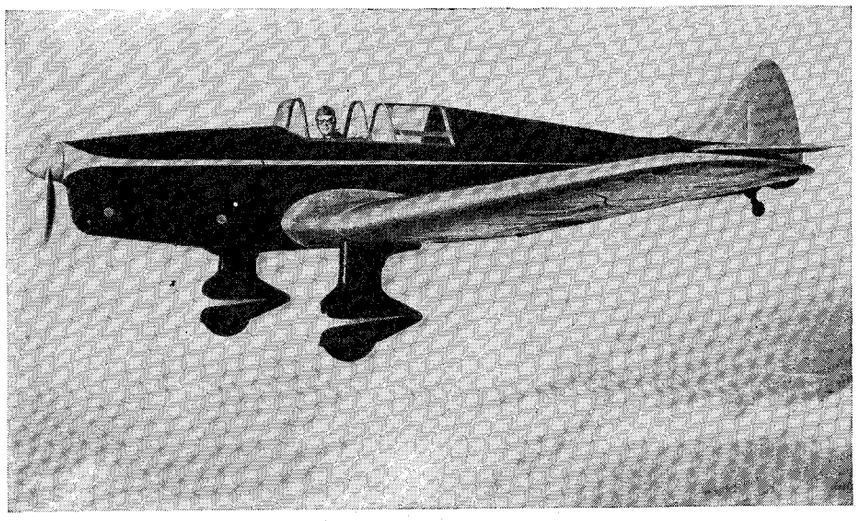
Neighbors — Intermarried for centuries, busy from dawn till dusk in the fields, and, like their ancestors, habituated to knowing nothing that transpired in the "big house," the villagers were neither inquisitive nor informative. From a distance, they admired the family.

A laboratory was installed in one wing of Long Barn; and here the Colonel worked with burners and tubes which were later to make a continental sensation; worked, often, with Mrs. Lindbergh beside him.

Sabbath Keepers—Sundays, the Lindberghs attended divine services in the small, stone, plaster-coated, white-towered church. It was new for Weald, built as recently as 1823, but in need of £300 for repairs.

Here the Rev. R. C. Taylor, Vicar of Weald, found Colonel Lindbergh "a thorough good fellow." The other churchgoers from the country round, accepted the Americans.

Too quiet for the Colonel was more than



Wide World and Underwood

An American Menasco engine powers Lindbergh's British-built Mohawk plane; his wife and son rest tranquilly in their Kent home

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two months of such a life. Unexpectedly in May, he walked into the London office of the U. S. Department of Commerce.

"My name is Lindbergh and I want to renew my license," he said. Until then he had not flown in England.

Stay-at-Homes—Social life in any quality and quantity the Lindberghs could have had. To avoid it was the problem.

On May 27, emerging from seclusion, they dined as guests of His Majesty Edward VIII at St. James's Palace.

The dinner was to prove historic. Prime Minister and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin were at the table. So also were another American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, whose names, in the brief *Court Circular*, ignited the fuse which seven months later, blew the King from his throne.

At Penhurst Airfield one day in July, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh climbed into a borrowed gray three-seater cabin plane, took the air, dropped down at Staaken Field in Germany, to be greeted by volleys of heel-clicking, stiff-arm salutes, and for Mrs. Lindbergh quick bows from the hips.

For days, Colonel Lindbergh flitted among flying-fields, assembly-hangars, engine factories, enjoying the best bird's-eye view of Gen. Herman Goering's mass-aviation program ever afforded a foreigner. July 22, in a ten-minute speech before an Air Ministry banquet, his only public speech in Europe, he drew startling inferences.

Toast to Peace—"Aviation has abolished what we call defense," he said. "We can no longer protect our families from an enemy."

"Here's to pursuit planes," he concluded, raising his glass. "May they become faster and faster. Here's to bombing planes, may they become slower and slower."

Nazi aviators drank the toast smiling, but smiling as if they had found hairs in the wine.

After two more weeks in Germany, including dinner with the ex-Crown Prince —no dinner with Hitler—Lindbergh flew to Copenhagen, was met by Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research; with him assembled the twisted glass tubes that on August 24 he was to demonstrate to the Congress of Experimental Cytology.*

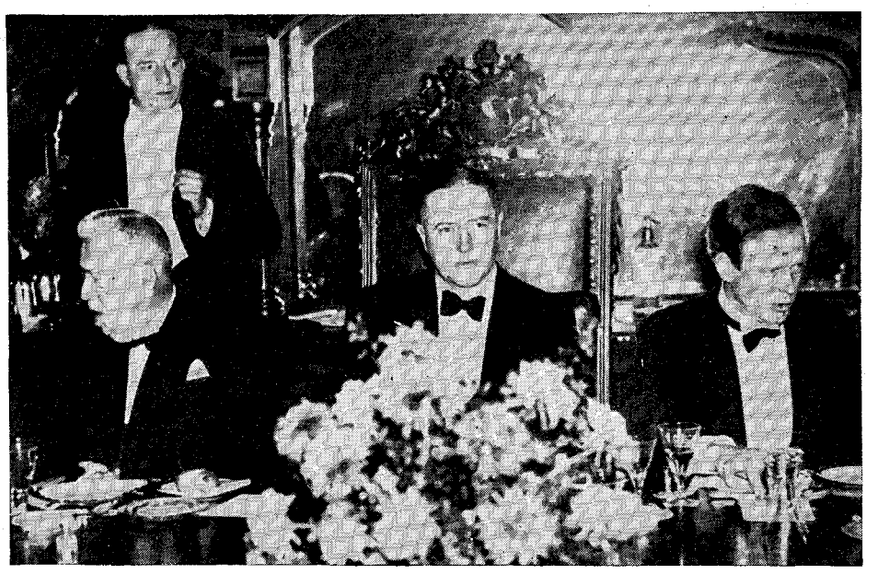
"The Lindbergh mechanical heart makes a blood serum pulsate," explained Doctor Carrel to the assembled scientists." "A smooth-running blood is not enough. It must pulsate. Why, we do not know."

Mrs. Lindbergh stood with Jon in the garden at Long Barn one day after their return from Denmark. She was watching the sky for something. Suddenly Weald farm-laborers and housewives heard something that caused them, too, to straighten and shade their eyes.

Still a Flyer—Low over the village with a deafening roar circled a sleek, black, low-wing monoplane with orange wings. Colonel Lindbergh was showing his family the new plane, worked on secretly for months at Reading, seventy miles away, that had been delivered to him, completed, that morning.

His first European plane, it was a Miles Mohawk, altered to meet his own design. Sliding transparent cockpit-cover, tandem seats convertible into bunks, 200 horse-power, 200 miles an hour, 1,000-mile non-stop cruising radius, plus American instruments not yet seen in England, made her, said constructor Miles, "the most completely equipped job we ever did."

* The scientific study of the constituent parts and functions of cell organisms.



Wide World

Dr. Eckener (left) flew from Germany; Colonel Lindbergh (right) drove from "Long Barn to dine in London"

Her orange and black coloring was chosen by the Colonel as the most completely visible in all weathers.

Visible or not, on November 25 black head-lines the world over screamed:

"LINDBERGH MISSING." For twenty hours, radios blared, cables hummed. Millions everywhere were fearful.

Voyage—On the 19th Colonel Lindbergh had flown to Ireland. There, with trail-blazing President of Pan American Airways Juan Trippe, Vice-President J. C. Cooper, Imperial Airways Director G. E. Woods-Humphreys, and Free State Army Air Chief Maj.-Gen. Michael Brennan, he had inspected an unfinished landing-field across from Ryanna, on the green Limerick County side of the broad River Shannon estuary.

He walked over it, flew over it, tested winds, approached it from a dozen aerial angles, wrote copious notes. Explanation: it was the Irish landing-field for the trans-atlantic commercial air-service Lindbergh foresaw, and which has been his pre-occupation ever since he took off from Long Island as the "Flying Fool" to make a perfect landing at Le Bourget, France, as the world's greatest flying hero.

On November 20, Lindbergh took President Eamon de Valera aloft for his aerial baptism. That night, with the President, American Minister and Mrs. Alvin W. Owsley, and the top layer of Free State officialdom, he dined at Dublin Castle.

On the 24th, after official farewells, he climbed into his orange and black monoplane at Baldonnel airdrome, gave his destination as Croyden, near London, soared off over the Irish Sea, did not come down at Croyden.

Silence—Instead, he sloped down through thickening fog at Sealand military field, barely across the Irish Sea, at 4 P. M., put his plane away, asked the officers, casually, not to broadcast his presence there.

Only too pleased, they chatted with him through dinner, through the evening, late into the night, pressed him to sleep in their quarters. All the while, the Air Ministry was frantically canvassing flying-fields all over the British Isles, had warned every radio-equipped vessel in the Irish Sea to be on the lookout; and the press of the world was clamoring, desperately, for news.

In his understanding of publicity, the Colonel was still the Lindy who landed at Paris in 1927, expecting "to see a few of the boys" and sail quietly for home.

Formality—December 14 found him in full evening dress (he has had to like it in Europe) at Innholders Hall, London, guest at an airmen's dinner given by the British Empire Guild. Meaningless to groundlings, it was important enough to airmen to bring aging Dr. Hugo Eckener, Zeppelin designer, flying from Friedrichshaven to be one of the company.

Christmas assembled the little family at Long Barn with a lighted tree and stockings in the wide English fireplace for Jon. (What chimneys for Santa, in English country houses!) It would probably be their last holiday in the comfortable, secluded house. The lease was nearly up. Colonel Lindbergh's work of laying out landing-fields, calculating ground services, all the complex organization of trans-oceanic flying, was nearly finished.

France had let him know that it deeply desired his participation in at least the starting ceremonies of the great May Government-sponsored race from New York to Paris to commemorate the tenth anniversary of his own flight.

Moreover, the G Men had rid America of kidnapers. There was no longer any vital reason for remaining in England. Doubtless even the crank letter-writers had focused their hate on other victims.

America could again be "home" instead of a nightmare to the Lindberghs.

Last week, Colonel Lindbergh sauntered from Long Barn into the village of Weald, as was his custom when at home, to buy the London papers. "Hullo . . hullo," he nodded to children who greeted him. At the garage he chatted a moment, to the general storekeeper he tossed a smile. It would be a little hard to leave these simple people.

He bought a paper.

News from America—"KIDNAPED!" The word in four-inch letters stung like a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lash across his eyes. It was almost his own story, with different names.

A lone man had burst into the home of Dr. W. W. Mattson at Tacoma, seized his son, playing with other children around a lighted Christmas tree, thrown down a ransom-letter demanding $28,000, fled down the slope toward Puget Sound.

Then the terrible, too familiar routine, intermediaries who failed, moronic advertisements which brought no reply, a tortured father painfully raising the cash to meet the tyrannical specifications of the ransom note: "$10,000 in old fives, $18,000 in old fifties and hundreds, no new bills." There was even mention of a ladder.

Lindbergh spoke to no one on the way home.

Villagers at Weald repeat among themselves what they murmured often before: "They won't go back until Jon is no longer a child."

TROTZKY HAVEN: Mexico Offers Revolutionary Only Available Refuge in a Hounding World

Bobbing through rough seas, the 5,486-ton *Ruth* of Oslo steamed last week toward an unnamed Mexican port. With a pistol on his hip, her most important passenger was seeking the only available refuge in a hounding world.

Comrade Leon Trotzky has for years found himself "on a planet without a vise."

His latest troubles sprang, as usual, from the deathless enmity of Joseph V. Stalin. Last summer, sixteen Bolshevists, many of them old heroes of the Party, went on trial in Moscow for the assassination of Sergei Kiroff two years ago. In accordance with Russian custom, they abjectly admitted the crime, then swore that Trotzky inspired it. As they fell before the firing squad, the Soviet Union was demanding his expulsion from friendly Norway. Officials refused, yet in an investigation they found that the inveterate plotter, in violation of his pledge, had been in touch with revolutionary groups abroad.

Shut-ins—Thereupon they interned the red and his wife, uncomplaining companion of his wide-traveled exile, in a white farmhouse overlooking the beautiful Oslo fiord. Police moved in with them, barring guests and censoring all mail. Trotzky, deprived of his two secretaries, laboriously began writing in longhand, since at fifty-seven he found himself too old to learn typewriting.

The guard and ban on friends also interfered with his one sport, golf, which he took up, in spite of his tubercular lungs, when a physician ordered outdoor life. In the Trotzky game, fellow players had to wear shabby flannel trousers—he frowns on *bourgeois* plus-fours.

When his residence permit expired late last month, Norway refused to renew it. Every country in western Europe, even Socialist Germany and Laborite Britain a few years ago, had refused him admission or, like France, expelled him when he broke his promise to refrain from political activity, and there seemed no place on the globe for him to go. Finally Diego Rivera, Mexico's great Left-wing painter, persuaded President Lazaro Cardenas to admit the unwelcome guest. In a liberal State like Mexico, Trotzky's position will be particularly difficult, since orthodox Communists oppose him more bitterly than conservatives.

Drawn by Shapi for The Literary Digest

Trotzky, damned by communist and conservative, has found refuge but not sanctuary

Rebel—Yet Trotzky was once, after Lenin, their greatest hero. Born Loeb Davidovich Bronstein, he passed what he described as the "grayish childhood of a lower middle class family." Outraged by Czarist Russia's exploitation of Jews and peasants, he swung toward revolution from youth, tho his own father's money kept him from the worst extremes of race prejudice.

By nineteen Trotzky—the name he signed once "by accident" clings tighter than his own—had undergone arrest and the cruelty of Siberian exile. He married a fellow prisoner, and saw his eldest children born in a prison camp. Escaping with a false passport, he fled to London, where he met Lenin. The year 1905—Russia's first revolution—found him in St. Petersburg again. This time his sentence called for life exile in Siberia. But, buried under the robes of a sleigh drawn by three reindeer, he escaped again.

During the World War, Czarist agents wangled his expulsion from France and Spain. Then occurred that amazing interlude in which he wrote for Russian newspapers in New York (at $15 a week), lived in a walk-up flat in the Bronx, and tried to meet the instalment payments on $200 worth of furniture. He haunted Russian cafes on Second Avenue, preaching revolt against Russian terrorism and marshaling matches and toothpicks on the dirty table-cloths to prove that his armies could demolish the Czar's.

Fund—Probably no barroom braggart ever had the same chance to make good, or succeeded so spectacularly. At the first blow of revolution in Russia, his entranced audiences raised $80 to send him home. Within a few weeks, General-in-Chief Trotzky had organized, with undoubted genius, a Red Army of 5,000,000. For three years, his home was a railway-coach, as he dashed back and forth across Russia, demolishing trained counter-revolutionary troops.

On Lenin's death, the General's one rival, Stalin—Trotzky damns him as "that outstanding mediocrity"—beat him in their struggle for supreme power. The new dictator's whole policy tended to strengthen the Communist regime internationally; Trotzky still clamored for the world revolution.

His clamor earned him exile in Turkestan, then deportation. Turkey sheltered him for a time, till life in the red and white villa on Prinkipo Island proved bad for his health. Czechoslovakia and Denmark reluctantly admitted him for treatment, but, as soon as the course of baths was over, he learned he was no longer welcome.

Three years ago, France admitted him, and he took a little villa in Barbizon, famous as the haunt of artists rather than revolutionaries. The watch-dogs which prowled around the house, and the mysterious visits of a cyclist with bulging bags of mail, aroused the neighbors' curiosity. Trotzky, it developed, had been directing the activities of his Fourth International, organized in opposition to Moscow's Third. Again ordered to get

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

Wide World © 1927 P. & A. Photos, Inc. Acme Pictures, Inc. Acme

Duke of York resurrected: in miner's costume, in West Indies, in Scotland, watching boys at play, in Paris; to make his charm eclipse that of his brother . . .

on, he protested: "I do not know of any border I can cross."

Threats—Then Norway took him in for eighteen months, but insisted that he accept the first invitation he got—Mexico's. One Norwegian newspaper reported that he tried to get the American State to withdraw it, fearing that his life would not be safeguarded among orthodox Communists who fought his entry.

Max Schachtmann, his New York editor, shared his fears. "Small as the Mexican Communist Party is," he said, "it has sufficient international backing and violent hatred of Trotzky to stop at nothing to put him out of the way. The threats against him are without precedent in the history of the Communist Party, being enough to make Lenin turn in his grave."

EVER EDWARD: English People Cheer Exiled Friend, Read About George's "Virtues"

The head mistress of a famous English girls' school summoned all her pupils to the assembly-room one bitter day last month. Slipping over the romantic details of the story she felt obliged to tell, she concluded her little address:

"King Edward was of my generation. I do not know how your parents feel about him, but I think I am right in saying that those of my generation feel that King Edward—has—let—us—down! Now let us stand and pray silently for two minutes for King George and Mr. Baldwin."

The uniformed girls stood with bowed heads. Later, one youngster told her father: "I just couldn't bear to pray for that Mr. Baldwin, so I prayed for King George and Mrs. Simpson."

Conformity—The story is typical of scenes throughout Britain during the attempt to liquidate the former King. Most of the daily newspapers cooperated cheerfully in the Archbishop of Canterbury's plea to shroud Edward in a mantle of silence—a mantle which "Cosmo Cantuar" himself was the first to lift. Out of seventeen pictures taken of King Edward in Austria last week, the austere *Times* did not publish one.

On the whole, weeklies also swung immediately from their forty-two-year propaganda in favor of the Prince of Wales and King Edward, and started to build up King George. Even his weaknesses were dressed up as virtues, often, by innuendo, at his charming predecessor's expense. The impediment in his speech—once the source of many an English joke—seemed likely to become his greatest blessing.

"His stammer," said a writer in *The Sphere*, "his ill-health, and his years of second sonship have permitted him to develop a formidable courage and a formidable personality. Slow to make pronouncements, he has none of the actor's tricks and has been fortunately prevented by his handicaps from mistaking limelight for achievement. . . . Prince Albert (now King George) never courted publicity."

Wide World

. . . Edward, who puts his hand in his pocket, looks sad for cameramen at Enzesfeld Castle, Austria

Not Edward's Type—Contrasting him with his elder brother, long hailed as Prince Charming, "one who knows him" writes:

"Both as a boy and as an adult, the new King lacked *immediate* charm. . . . Those who say, and many do, that the King has no sense of humor do not know what they are talking about. The King has quite a normal sense of humor, a keen sense of the ridiculous, almost a passion for Walt Disney films (have not we all?), and an equally violent dislike for the Rabelaisian when it is not funny—and possibly even when it is funny. . . . In this respect he may be called a prude—and perhaps that is not altogether a bad thing for a King to be." He likes clubs, the writer continues, except fashionable night-clubs—which his brother frequented.

Pages and pages of pictures show him as infant, child of one, two, three, etc., naval officer, golfer, tennis player, Australian visitor, bridge-opener, polo player, admiring husband and beaming father. The propagandists' difficulty lies in the fact that none of them shows the human quality his predecessor—decently buried toward the back of the journals—evinced in almost every pose. A South African farmer clasps Edward familiarly by the arm; he dons workman's togs for a descent to a mine, or leans over on a public platform to play entranced with a stray kitten.

Apologies—Excuses for Britain's long silence over the ex-monarch's friendship for Mrs. Simpson continue to appear. The press, *The Sphere* explained, "proved up to the hilt its patriotism and integrity." The weeklies, however, printed facsimilies of early American stories on the case, including articles in the New York tabloids and THE LITERARY DIGEST—which they described as "a journal known for its dignity of presentation."

Of all the weeklies, only *The Saturday Review* came out whole-heartedly for King Edward, splashing its cover with a mourning band and a verse which ran: "Driven

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

away by a law that's a lie, Great King and True Lover, for you we would die."

Even the record of King Edward's last broadcast may not be sold in Britain. Yet his subjects have not forgotten. When a London cinema, in a newsreel review of the year, showed the ex-King leading the mourners at his father's funeral, spontaneous cheering swept the whole hall. Only scattered applause greeted his successor.

SPANISH SEIZURE: Germany and U. S. Become Involved in Spain's Civil Conflict

Germany last week attacked a Spanish Loyalist ship, and forced Spain's "little world war" closer to a real one than it had been at any time since the civil conflict burst out last July.

The cruiser *Koenigsberg* struck New Year's day, in revenge for the Spanish Government's seizure of a Spanish Insurgent passenger and some of the cargo of the German freighter *Palos* on Christmas eve.

"The cruiser fired two blank shots," Berlin's press announced officially, "and, when these did not succeed, dropped several shells near the *Soton*. The steamer, attempting to escape, ran aground before the harbor of Santona (thirty miles from Bilbao on the Bay of Biscay) and was voluntarily abandoned by her crew. The crew was landed by a Spanish fishing boat. The *Koenigsberg* continued her patrol, on Sunday seized the *Marta Junquera*. Members of the *Soton's* crew are not aboard the cruiser."

Spanish officials called the incident "an act of war," and threatened to retaliate.

Nazi Activity—The whole thing carried a portent of increased Nazi activity to make Spain fascist instead of red, dashing hopes that Adolf Hitler might renege on the stacked cards he has presumably promised to slip Gen. Francisco Franco in the form of 60,000 additional trained fighters.

Der Fuehrer's own hopes received as serious a setback with the signing of the Anglo-Italian Mediterranean agreement. Both Powers agreed to respect the territorial *status quo* on its shores, which means that Germany will stand alone if she tries to obtain a foothold either in the Balearics or Spanish Africa. For Britain and Italy, which only a few months ago nearly went to war over Mussolini's Ethiopian adventure, the treaty ended a dangerous deadlock. *Il Duce* consents to respect Britain's passage to India through the Suez Canal; Britain agrees not to cut off Italy from her African possessions on the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean.

U. S. Embarrassed—For the United States, the week brought the greatest embarrassment of the war. For months, the State Department has succeeded in persuading munitions manufacturers to turn down the fat profits which Spain's bloody contracts pay, rather than risk war. Then it had to announce that it had "reluctantly" granted a license for the shipment of second-hand planes and parts worth $2,700,000, to Robert Cuse, President of the Vilamert Company of Jersey City, New Jersey. The material was destined for the Spanish Loyalist port of Bilbao. Cuse, an obscure Latvian junk-dealer, reputedly has made a fortune reconditioning old airplane engines. He argued the sale would give 1,500 men a year's employment, but President Roosevelt, unmoved, called it "perfectly legal but nevertheless thoroughly unpatriotic."

Loophole—Cuse took advantage of a weakness in the Neutrality Act, which empowers the President to ban arms shipments in case of war "between or among two or more foreign States." The law does not apply to civil wars. Congressional leaders immediately prepared legislation to cover the loophole, hoping to pass it in time to bar the shipment.

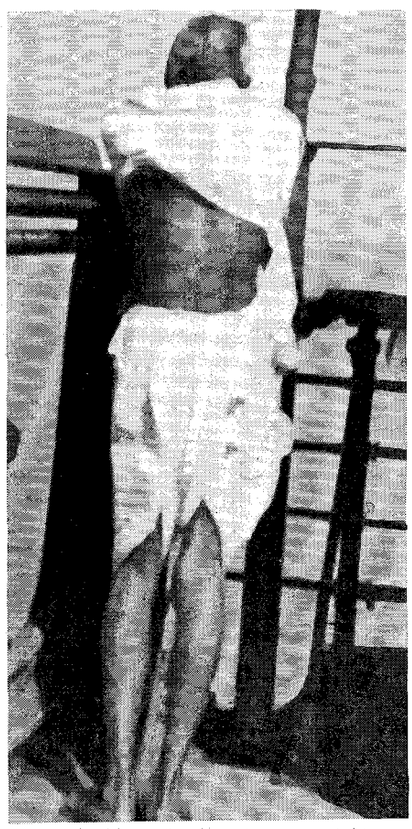
For war-deafened Madrid itself, the New Year was ushered in by the reverberations of General Franco's shells. But after a two and a half month siege, his Insurgents still shivered on the snow-covered plains outside the Capital.

INDIAN MUDDLE: The Mahatma's Fight Against British-Made Constitution

At Faizpur, little-known village in the easternmost center of Bombay Presidency, 60,000 Hindus, Moslems, Parsees, Sikhs, Rajputs and Bengalis chatted gaily—mostly in English Hindustani or Urdu—as they jostled one another last week to catch a glimpse of their most famous countryman and leader—scrawny, loin-clothed Mahatma Gandhi.

They blithely suffered the inconvenience of traveling to this backwoods Khandesh hamlet principally to honor the Mahatma's policy of close association with Hindustan's downtrodden village outcasts and laborers as the foundation-stone for a united, progressive India.

As members of the Indian National Congress, however, they held views as variegated as their multicolored attire and headgear. Tho as one in demanding complete independence from Great Britain, their political opinions ranged from progressive conservatism, through passive resistance along Gandhi lines, to communism.



© International

Gandhi turns his back to British imperialism

Leader—Next to the Mahatma, the restless personality of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, President of the Congress, commands the greatest respect throughout India. Of Kashmiri blood, Nehru is a composite of high-caste Hindu spirituality and ultramodern European thought. As an Indian patriot, he is a fiery advocate of total independence from British rule. Politically, he prescribes socialism as the best solution of India's poverty and distress, which he blames on Britain's "imperialistic" greed.

The first item on the Congress platform to engage his attention this year was a set of resolutions, which delegates approved: (1) Indians must reject the new Federal Constitution, which England granted India in 1935; (2) they must boycott the Coronation Durbar of King George VI, who is expected to ascend the throne at Delhi as Emperor of India, probably early next year.

"The basic policy of this Congress," Nehru admonished, "is to combat the Government of India Act (the Federal Constitution); resist in every way the attempt by British imperialism to strengthen its hold on India and its people; stress a positive demand for a constituent assembly, elected by adult suffrage."

Weighty Laws—What Nehru attacked is perhaps the most verbose political document in British history—a tome of 105,000 words, bound together with sheaves of speeches, reports and discussions which would fill twenty Bibles weighing about two pounds each. Eight years were spent in producing this Constitution.

Two years previously, while Gandhi was its President, the Congress resorted to civil disobedience campaigns, which led to his imprisonment, and hunger strikes. Framed to knit India's States and Provinces into a federation, the Constitution fails to grant it the self-government demanded both by the Congress Party and the moderate Indian elements. India's 60,000,000 Moslems grudgingly support it because of the electoral advantages it accords them, but in general they are united with the rest of their 300,000,000 Hindu countrymen in condemning it as curtailing their self-rule.

Dead set against the class warfare which Nehru's socialistic tenets might induce, Gandhi retired to a tiny village two years ago and announced that he was out of politics. Nehru became his spiritual successor and launched out his fiery campaigns against British "imperialism."

Mediator—While the Indian Nationalists debated ways to defeat the Constitution, tall, forty-seven-year-old Lord Linlithgow held long conferences with his advisers in Delhi, the Capital, with a view to obtaining support from other Indian leaders, of the moderate National Liberal Federation, for the change in the Government of India on April 1.

When he came into office last April, he had made a favorable impression among Indians by his solicitude in trying to improve the condition of the lower classes. Overnight, he gained wide popularity by presenting to Delhi a set of bulls as a first step in bettering India's live stock.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORKERS' MEXICO: Leftists' Program Means Land to Labor, Anger for Capitalists

Like every wise revolutionary, President Lazaro Cardenas of Mexico is schooled in the technique of militant socialism: Step No. 1—seizure and redistribution of wealth; step No. 2—supplying the rehabilitated workers with the two weapons without which they cannot be sure of holding what they have won: arms and education.

Last week, Mexico's National Revolutionary Party Government took steps to supply both, inasmuch as a year of gradual land redistribution had handed many thousands of acres to many thousands of Indians, *mestizos*, mulattoes and *criollos* below the Rio Grande.

To Congress, the President presented the largest educational budget in the country's history—about $16,000,000. To the Confederation of Mexican Farmers, the President's secretary, Luis Rodriguez, presented the promise of 60,000 government rifles to arm them against recurrence of reprisals from disinherited landowners.

The double-barreled move served to widen the gulf between friend and foe of the forty-one-year-old Tarascan Indian who two years ago came to power.

Support—With him almost to the man are the peons and laborers whose Messiah he is. With him also is his old time crony and fellow Left Winger—Don Emilio Portes Gil, one-time Provisional President and Secretary of Foreign Affairs, now Mexico's No. 2 man and most powerful figure in the N. R. P. It was with the help of Portes Gil that last year Cardenas was able to defy and exile his former ally, ex-President Plutarco Elias Calles, who first put him into power and later sounded the alarm at his radical policies.

Yet enemies are not lacking. Despite his wide popularity among the masses, especially in the rural districts, President Cardenas's policies encounter bitter opposition among the ousted Callista Right Wingers of the N. R. P., the large landowners, the employers' organizations, the Church, the Communists and the Fascist Gold Shirts. Main concern of the Church, however, is over his Socialist program, which a fortnight ago led to the issuance of a pastoral letter by Mgr. Leopoldo Ruizy Flores, Archbishop of the State of Morelia and Papal Delegate to Mexico.

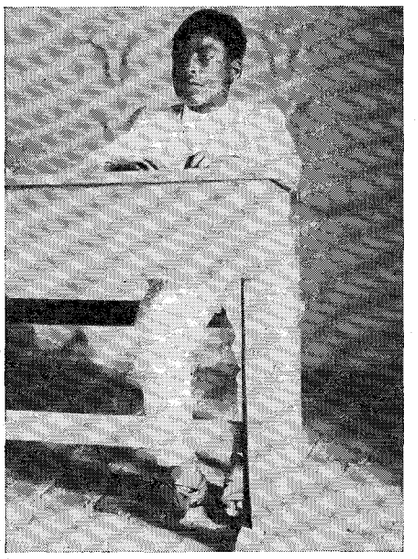
From his exile in Texas, the Roman Catholic prelate reminded Mexican parents that "Socialist and Communist theories, when taught publicly, can only result in transcendent disaster to the general order and to society. . . . Nobody has a right to impede the Christian education of youth." Mexicans were urged to fight to the last by passive resistance.

Deaf to Church protests, Cardenas's Department of Education energetically pushes forward the extension of rural schools, guided by the principles that compulsory, government-conducted education must be: (1) revolutionary; (2) proletarian; (3) nationalistic; (4) popular or democratic, as opposed to aristocratic; and (5) rationalistic, in the sense of inculcating beliefs "that stand the test of intellectual and rational examination."

To widen their scope and further the progress of Pan-American amity, Secretary of Education Gonzalo Vasquez Vela pledges that all reference to racial hatred, unnecessary criticism of other American countries or unfair comparison of national heroes shall be eliminated from text-books. Aiming to encourage book reading, twenty educational missions have been set afoot in the twenty-eight States, heralded by red automobile cavalcades blazoned with *Libros Gratis* (Free Books) to advertise the *Bibliotecas Ambulantes* (portable libraries) and semiportable libraries that are being set up.

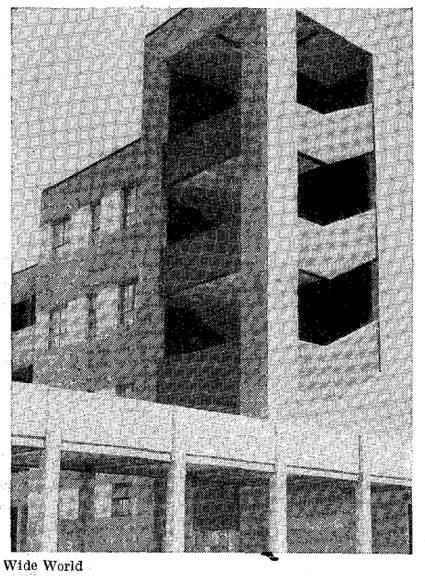
Keystone

To give Mexico's untutored children such as this girl and her brother . . .



Acme

opportunity to study in classrooms, educational budget seeks $16,000,000 . . .



Wide World

to build new schools in every part of country, teach socialist theories

Boasting that Mexico to-day has almost as many teachers (53,000) as soldiers (58,000),* Prof. Gabriel Lucio, member of the Mexican Council for Higher Education, frankly admits that the Government considers the religious question of secondary importance to the economic problem. He points out that along with academic education, Mexican children receive wholesome meals, sanitary guidance, shop training, cooking, sewing and other vocational courses. In the twenty-three normal schools four-year courses are given free, along with room and board.

Always, however, President Cardenas's avowed chief preoccupation has been to raise the living standard of the rural and urban masses by championing the cause of labor. Last November, he jammed a bill (Expropriation Law) through Congress authorizing the Government to expropriate the large estates and indemnify the owners at assessed valuations "for the public welfare." Alarming both to the country's upper and wealthy classes and to foreign interests (American investments in Mexico alone amount to $1,280,000,000), the law allows "the equal distribution of wealth held and monopolized to the exclusive advantage of a few persons with prejudice to society in general or to any particular social class" and "the establishment, maintenance or conservation of an industrial concern for the good of society."

Landowners did not take the new law sitting down.

"Outbreaks against the agrarians," cables Jack Starr-Hunt, Mexico City correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "have recently taken place in the States of Queretaro, Guanajuato, Jalisco and Zacatecas. In these outbreaks there have been fires, bandit raids, killings and disfigurements of victims. Such uprisings are caused, says the Administration, by large landholders and religious fanatics who oppose the reform program of the Cardenas Government."

Calif of Bagdad—Vigilantly watching his land-parceling program and Socialist Schools, President Cardenas often absents himself from his Capital for weeks to gain first-hand knowledge of their progress. Last month, he pledged the peasants of the State of Queretaro "that the military garrison shall at once proceed to provide security at all places where there may be a menace for the peasants on the part of groups who refuse the principles on which the Administration governs.

"Medical attention shall be provided as well as healthful habitations," he assured them, "and all the other comforts prescribed by the Agrarian Code. The National Ejido Credit Bank will supply the financial aid required in order that the change of land ownership here may be carried out without violence to the economic life of the region."

---

*In the U. S. there are 137,960 Regular Army soldiers, more than a million teachers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOCTORS ATTACK "SOCIAL DISEASES"

U. S. Organizes Campaign Against Syphilis and Gonorrhea

Since 1646, when its outbreak was first noted in Boston, a vicious two-sided epidemic has been raging in the United States, an epidemic almost as old as the Nation's history. At this very moment, it is attacking the health, efficiency and happiness of 18,000,000 American citizens.

Imagine the entire populations of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore and Boston—the nine largest cities of the United States — simultaneously suffering the ravages of serious infectious disease. That is a fair picture of the extent of this modern plague.

Ravages—A definite percentage of the victims of one phase of this epidemic will disintegrate into madmen or become embittered paralytics, doomed to brood in wheel-chairs for the rest of their vegetative days. Heart disease will take its toll of a host of others. Thousands of babies will be born dead because of it.

Thousands of other children will forever remain unborn because the other phase of this double plague begets sterility. Thousands of women will undergo dangerous operations, may face lives of invalidism.

Inform these eighteen millions that they face such dreadful possibilities and the cry instantly goes up: "Cure us! Cure us! Why can't medicine do something about it?"

Answer—The ironic answer is that medicine *can* do something about it—*if the patients and the public grant permission.*

Given a free hand, medicine could practically conquer the plague within a generation, as other countries have done, as Americans have done with typhoid and yellow fever.

But U. S. doctors and health officials have been cruelly handicapped by the Grundyisms, secrecies, pruderies and miserable confusions of the righteous who mix morals with medicine. For the plague, the epidemic, is what the euphemistic describe as "social disease." The more forthright and enlightened section of the public now dares with increasing boldness to name those two former unmentionables: syphilis and gonorrhea.

Conference — Last week, in the United States, some 500 doctors and health officers from all parts of the country met at Washington, D. C., for a three-day conference on venereal disease control, under the auspices of the United States Public Health Service.

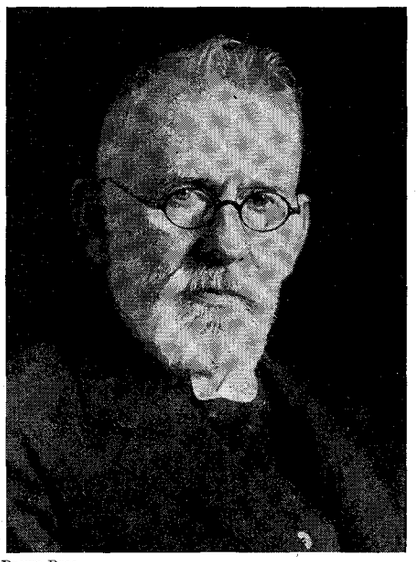
Around the conference shone the halo of the Social Security Act, familiar to most citizens for its provision of old-age pensions. A less well-known section of the Act provides $10,000,000 annually for public health work—$8,000,000 to be distributed to State Health Bureaus, with the approval of the Surgeon General; $2,000,000 annually going to the United States Public Health Service for research and field studies. These dollars are bullets in the guns which health officers last week concertedly began to aim at two leering specters: syphilis and gonorrhea.

Out of the discussions at the conference emerged plans of attack which, in coming months, will crystallize along many lines: diagnostic services, case finding, treatment, information service, data collection, clinics, research and education, prophylaxis, legal regulations. Head of the antivenereal army is Surgeon General Thomas Parran of the United States Public Health Service.

Statistics—Staggering, almost unbelievable, are the statistics on venereal infection.

"One adult in ten is infected by syphilis at some time during his or her lifetime," Doctor Parran recently stated.

Figures released by Dr. William F. Snow, Director of the American Social Hygiene Association, give 6,000,000 as the number infected with syphilis; at least twice as many, 12,000,000, with gonorrhea. Every year a population equal to that of Detroit comes to doctors with fresh venereal infections (1,037,000 gonorrhea, 518,000 syphilis). At least another million persons with the two diseases in later stages also come under treatment. This takes no account of the vastly greater number who try self-medication, quacks, or who receive no medical care at all.



Brown Bros.

Doctor Ehrlich discovered method of treatment

Officially, heart disease is Public Killer No. 1. Then come cancer, pneumonia, tuberculosis. But many authorities agree that syphilis should rank as the prime killer. The fact that it does not is attributed to the ability of syphilis to masquerade as other diseases. At least ten per cent. of heart disease deaths should be charged to syphilis. Since syphilis wears so many guises, the natural tendency of doctors in private practise is to certify the immediate and socially blameless cause of death.

Origin — Syphilis is a dramatic disease, partly because its origin is bound up with the undercurrents of life, partly because of its history and the brilliant medical story of its conquest. The disease was unknown before the fifteenth century. Columbus is commonly credited with discovering syphilis as well as the New World, tho many authorities question this. The plague began to spread in Europe soon after his lusty adventurers returned from the West Indies. Syphilis often attacks the bones, leaves characteristic markings, but no such indications have ever been noted on the countless skeletons of the ancients unearthed by archeologists. Bones of American Indians, however, have indicated definite syphilitic ravages.

Certain it is that syphilis spread like wild-fire, was no respector of royalty. Henry VIII, Ivan the Terrible, Louis XIV probably suffered from it. The mass murders of Ivan the Terrible, the uxoricides of Henry VIII, may have sprung from cerebral syphilis.

Symptoms—Syphilis is exhibited in primary, secondary and tertiary stages, beginning as a chancre at the point of infection. In this stage it is extremely communicable. Some ultracautious persons, knowing this, wrap newspapers around subway straps, polish restaurant knives and forks with a vigorous napkin. Such exercises are assuredly harmless, but few spirochetes are circulated through such media, tho infection is undoubtedly spread through inanimate objects, such as damp towels handled by diseased persons. Sunlight, drying, exposure to air, soap and water kill the organisms quickly.

The germ theory of disease was established by Pasteur in 1872, but the organism causing syphilis escaped the keenest eyes until 1905, when Fritz Schaudinn tracked down the *spirochaeta pallida*, found it was a corkscrew-shaped germ with fourteen twists.

Then came one of medicine's most thrilling chapters. In 1906, August von Wassermann devised the blood test for syphilis which bears his name (to-day the Kahn blood test is almost as well-known to doctors). Physicians were then able to detect the presence of syphilis, even when outward symptoms had vanished. A dependable method of diagnosis was at hand. What remained to be discovered was an equally dependable method of treatment. This was provided, in 1910, by a German biologist, Paul Ehrlich.

Cure—Ehrlich believed that a specific existed for every infectious disease—a bactericide which, admitted to the blood stream, would kill selected types of disease germs without killing the patient. With inexhaustible energy he began the search for a syphilis remedy. He mixed 605 solutions of almost every imaginable variety of chemical, methodically numbered them, tested them, found them useless. Then he put together solution 606. His search was ended. Salvarsan, or 606, exerted a specific action on *spirochaeta pallida.*

The drug alone proved not to be the single-dose cure which Ehrlich hoped. But with its derivates it remains to-day the principal weapon against syphilis. By its use, primary syphilitic patients can be rendered non-infectious in three or four days.

A complete cure takes longer. Patients usually continue at their jobs, visit the doctor once or twice a week for eighteen months or two years. The treatment causes little discomfort. Arsphenamin is injected into a vein, usually in the arm. This is alternated with injections of a heavy metal, usually bismuth. A complete course of treatment may cost the private patient about $300, but most large communities have free clinics for the treatment of patients unable to pay. The white hope of syphilis control is the elimination of congenital syphilis, which can be accomplished

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

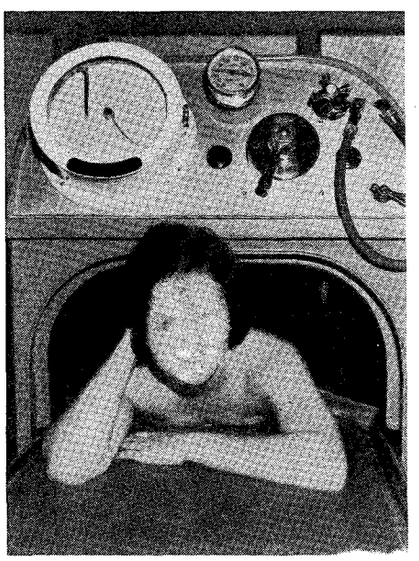
in 95 per cent. of all cases by treatment of pregnant women.

Other Enemy—Less dramatic than syphilis, gonorrhea is far more difficult to control, may be just as dangerous, is particularly treacherous to women. It is at least twice as prevalent as syphilis. Its history is more ancient. It has existed for at least 5,000 years; the Chinese mention it, and it is described in the Bible.

"It is estimated that from 60 to 90 per cent. of all males in large cities have gonorrhea at some time during their lives," says a noted authority, Dr. P. S. Pelouze, Assistant in Urology at the University of Pennsylvania. "Also that 20 per cent. of all married men contract the disease at some time during their lives, and of these almost half infect their wives."

If syphilis is "the great imitator," gonorrhea is "the great sterilizer." It is the underlying cause of fully half the involuntarily sterile marriages.

Signs—In women the gonorrhea inflammation, if unchecked, travels like wild-fire,



Wide World

Artificial fever . . . effective but dangerous

frequently reaches the uterus, the Fallopian tubes, the ovaries. If gonorrhea seals one end of the straw-sized tubes through which the ovum passes from ovary to uterus, sterility results. If it seals both ends, pus sacs are formed which can only be removed by operation. If the pus sac breaks, death from peritonitis usually follows swiftly unless there is operative intervention.

In the male, gonorrhea often causes sterility by sealing the spermal canal. The muscles of the heart are also susceptible to attack. A painful joint infection is known as gonorrheal arthritis. The conjunctiva of the eye is a favorite spot of attack for gonococci. Gonorrheal discharges brought in contact with the eye result in swift and permanent blindness unless there is immediate medical aid. Formerly gonorrhea caused a great deal of blindness in the newborn. This has practically been eliminated by legal requirement of the use of silver nitrate solution applied to the eyes of a new-born babe, killing any gonococci forced into the eyes during birth.

Discovery—The causative organism of gonorrhea was first seen by Albert Neisser in 1879. (Hence the euphemism "Neisserian infection" as a synonym for gonorrhea.) It is a round, slightly oval germ, shaped like a coffee-bean and usually joined in pairs. It can be stained with dyes and seen under a microscope.

Oddly enough, man is the only host to the exclusive gonococci. The disease can not be transmitted to animals. This fact has been a tremendous handicap in laboratory research.

Gonorrhea usually appears three to five days after infection in males and somewhat later in females as a local inflammation of the genital mucous membranes, with discharge of pus. The first attack is usually violent; subsequent attacks may be mild.

Treatment—A tremendous handicap to the treatment of gonorrhea is the lack of a reliable test to discover it and an effective treatment, such as the Wassermann test and arsphenamin provide in syphilis. Many physicians prefer not to treat gonorrhea because it is the one common disease lacking uniformity in treatment.

Most modern methods are designed to help the body rid itself of the gonococci by stimulating its natural defenses. Some cases apparently obtain spontaneous cure. Local bactericides are often effective, but these must be applied by a physician. Unskilled medication may succeed only in washing the germs back to remoter organs such as the prostate gland in the male.

Heat applied locally in almost any form seems to have good effect in gonorrhea cases. Malaria infection has also shown good results (particularly in cases of paresis in advanced syphilitic infections.) Probably the most striking of all gonorrhea treatments is the artificial fever method. It is also the newest. An extremely high temperature is induced in the patient. This treatment, however, is in such an experimental stage that only the most skilled technicians can be trusted to apply such methods. Some startling cures have been thus effected; fever therapy holds great promise. Little publicity has been released by those in charge, who fear that quacks will be tempted into the field.

Fakes—Quackery has always been a black by-product of venereal infection. A sort of social conspiracy has kept the frightened victim in silence, has often driven him into the arms of a charlatan.

If symptoms are not forthcoming, the quack can oblige. A common trick is to obtain a specimen of urine from the prospective customer, drop a nitrate solution into it, and point to the cloudy precipitate as "albumen." Another method of clinching a hesitant customer is to send him home with a box of pills and a warning to watch his urine for symptoms. Since the pills contain dye which stains the urine green, purple or red, the customer usually comes racing back to begin treatments.

Quacks often advertise extensively as "men's specialists," "medical institutes," "specialists in blood diseases." Common, too, are the "free museums for men only."

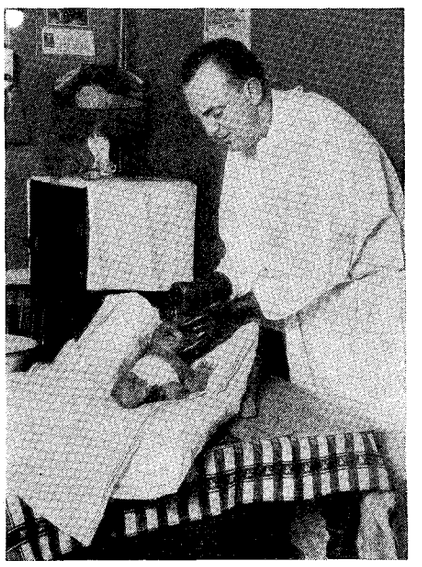
An investigator for the American Social Hygiene Association, visiting one such museum, reported the following conversation:

"One of the employees asked, 'Is there anything I can do for you?' I replied that I knew of nothing. He said: 'You don't look well. Don't be bashful. Don't be ashamed. Tell me about yourself.' I asked him what he meant. He replied, 'Don't you know what I mean? It's very dangerous for a man of your age. You look as if you had gonorrhea. My advice is to go up and see the doctor at once. It won't cost you anything.' When I wanted to know how he could tell that I was infected with gonorrhea, he replied, 'I have been here long enough to know. I can tell you are sick by looking at you.'"

Reputable newspapers no longer accept advertisements from such quacks, but the circulation of pamphlets and pseudo-almanacs advertising cures for "blood diseases" is enormous—in one Midwest city a single printer produces four million pamphlets a year at a cost of $30,000.

Campaign—Leading the fight for popular enlightenment on venereal diseases, in cooperation with health services, is the American Social Hygiene Association. Organized in 1914, it operates on contributions.

Segregated prostitution districts are regarded as prime distributing-points of venereal infection. Medical science has proved that examination and licensing of prostitutes can not be relied upon to reduce the number of carriers of infection. Community welfare workers are alarmed over the tendency, since 1930, for red-light districts to reappear. In the two decades prior to 1930 the segregated district had practically vanished. Then came the depression, curtailment of police and social service funds, the exploitation of men and women facing discouraging economic conditions.



Saving the eyes of a new-born babe

Medicine can practically eliminate syphilis and do much to control gonorrhea if patients will consult physicians early, will follow advice faithfully until discharged as cured. There is no scientific reason why the incidence of new infections can not be reduced to a minimum in the United States, as is now the case in some other countries.

But first the barriers of ignorance and secrecy will have to go.

TELEVISION: Desire for Perfection and Technical Difficulties Hold Up Release to Public

People who ask "When will I be able to buy a television set and tune in regular programs?" are listed as major annoyances by television bigwigs for two reasons:

1. Nobody knows when television will be commercially perfected;
2. Nobody knows if the public will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like television well enough to pay for it when it gets it.

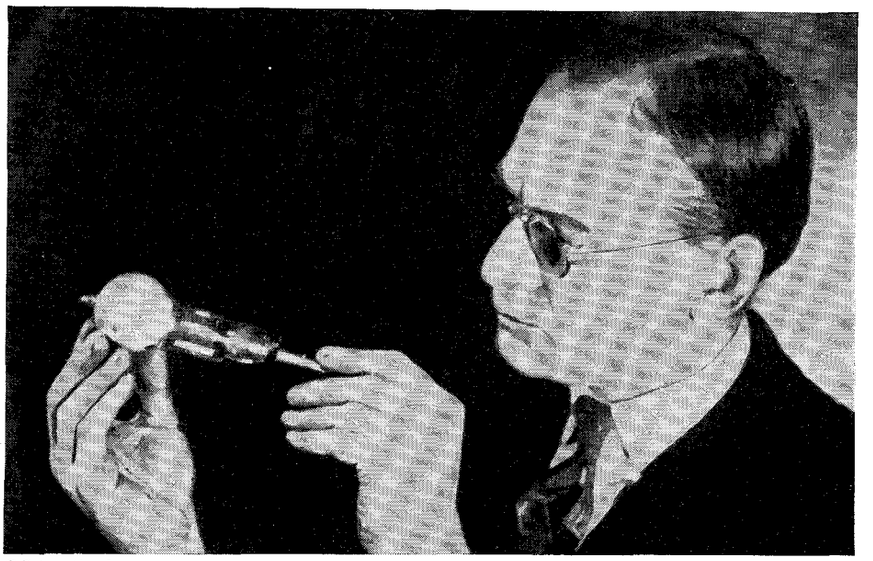
Some people, perturbed by the constant recession of the promised corner behind which television is hidden, darkly suspect the big companies of shelving television to avoid competition in the market for broadcast receivers. Undeniably, to-day's television sets are technically well-developed, their crisp, greenish images capable of satisfying a critical public.

Real Reason—But last week there occurred an incident which threw light on the real reason for television's long-delayed coming of age. The R.C.A. television studios in the Empire State Building were shut down for alterations. As recently as mid-November, the 343-line images broadcast by these studios had been regarded as perfect enough to justify an impressive public demonstration. Yet it was decided to rebuild the equipment to produce 441-line images of much finer definition.

Had 343-line television receivers been sold in quantity to a willing public, the industry would have been "frozen." The more desirable 441-line images could not have been transmitted without reconstructing every 343-line receiver in the hands of an owner. It is this unwillingness of television experimenters to freeze the industry to inferior equipment which has kept television in the laboratory, will probably keep it there much longer than the optimistic predict.

Other Problems—Television has other problems, but none regarded as insurmountable. There is difficulty in transmission. Wire networks are impracticable. Electrical interference and blind spots must be overcome. A way will have to be found to make television pay for itself. No one is likely to make money out of television for years; millions have been poured lavishly into research. It is by no means certain that advertisers will flock to the new medium. Television programs are inherently more costly than radio broadcasts. When the novelty wears off, the public may tire of television, which requires a concentrated attention not demanded by radio. Lump these and a dozen other factors together and you have the answer to the problem why a perfected medium remains a laboratory curiosity.

The big three of American television are the Radio Corporation of America, Farnsworth Television, Inc., and Philco Radio & Television Co. All three employ the electronic scanning principle. Simply stated, an image is converted from light into electricity, the impulses transmitted by wire or radio, and the current changed back into light in a suitable receiver. A stream of electrons may be likened to a brush which paints the image, line by line, on a fluorescent screen.



© International

Doctor Zworykin, distinguished figure in television research, coddles a baby iconoscope

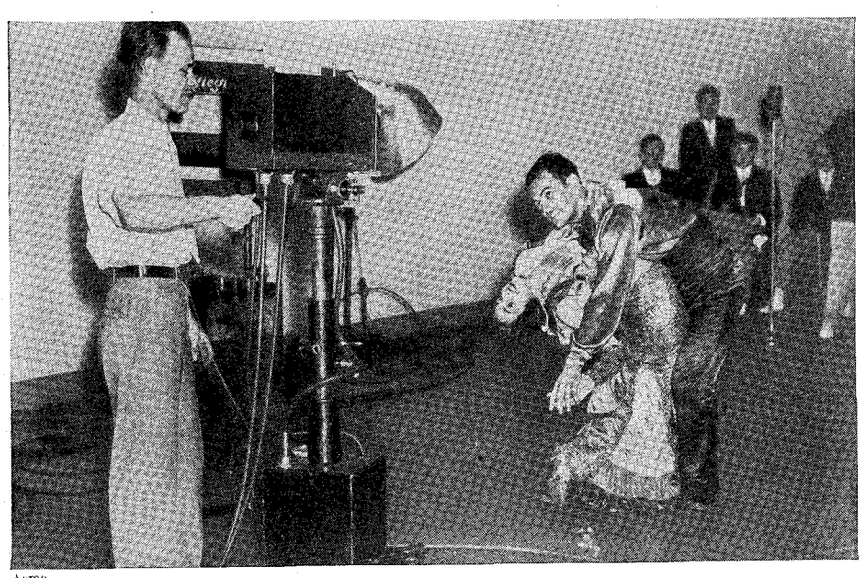
Arithmetic—Simple as it sounds, the arithmetic involved in the process staggers the imagination. The scanning aperture of the narrow stream of electrons which breaks the image into millions of tiny squares is about .015 inch wide. In a 441-line image such as R.C.A. is adopting, the number of squares in the complete picture is 441 x 441, or 194,481. But this is only a single picture. The image must be painted on the receiver just as a movie film is projected on a screen; *i. e.*, a rapid series of still pictures gives the illusion of motion through the phenomenon of persistence of vision. In television the cycle is as frequent as sixty times a minute. Multiply 194,481 by sixty and the result is 11,668,860—the incredible number of impulses which electrons must carry to a fluorescent screen in order that you may look upon a televised image for a single minute!

To convert an optical image of the subject into electricity, photoelectric films are used. In the receiver, the incoming impulses are shot by an electron gun against a fluorescent screen painted inside the bulging end of an evacuated glass tube. The electrons, striking the fluorescent substance, become visible as light. Horizontal and vertical deflecting coils, actuated by electric impulses broadcast with the picture, move the electron-beam across the screen in perfect synchronism with the path followed by the beam in the transmitter. In effect, the picture is constructed by placing tiny squares of light side by side, very much as a bricklayer builds a wall. The varying intensities of light create the picture in a manner analogous to the half-tones by which photographs are printed, which upon close examination will be observed to consist of countless dots of different densities.

Devices—In the R.C.A. system this incredible miracle is accomplished by what is called the iconoscope and the kinescope, perfected by Dr. V. K. Zworykin, head of television research at the Camden laboratories. The iconoscope is the transmitting unit, the kinescope the receiver. The Farnsworth system achieves the same end by very similar units called the image dissector and the oscillight tube.

A complex patent situation in the television field promises to become as involved as radio's well-known patent headaches. Farnsworth owns certain basic patents; R.C.A. owns others just as basic. But R.C.A. does not dominate television as it does radio patents; any charge of monopoly is ill-founded. Certain of R.C.A.'s basic radio patents will expire within four or five years.

Inventor—Philo Taylor Farnsworth, just turned thirty, is as fascinating a personality as ever was endowed with inventive genius. Slight, blond, eager, keen-eyed, an unsuspecting observer might take him for an energetic postgraduate student pursuing an engineering degree. To his associates in his sprawling Chestnut Hill laboratories in Philadelphia he is "Phil," the boy inventor, one of themselves. One day last month he drove up in a new Packard, a gift for his wife. Every man-jack in the place dropped his work, turned



Acme

Philo Farnsworth, one of the big three of American television, before his set

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out to inspect the car, expressed approval of the purchase. Whereupon they rushed back inside, called upon Phil to inspect the morning's work, which involved a new tube which sputtered mysteriously, received, in turn, his approbation.

The idea of electronic image-scanning was first conceived by Farnsworth when attending high school in his native State of Utah. He discussed his notion with his physics teacher, sketched the idea in a note-book, elaborated it. Years later, when Farnsworth had completed development work, he applied for a patent. The Patent Office informed him he was in interference. Some one else had applied for papers. If he could prove he had been the first to begin work on the idea, Farnsworth could gain his patent; otherwise, his work would go for naught.

He hadn't seen his high-school teacher for a decade, but he referred the patent examiners to him. The teacher recalled the sketches his young physics student had shown him, gave testimony which helped Farnsworth to win a basic patent.

Sets—Farnsworth believes that television sets will sell for $200 when the art is released to the public. Other authorities name $500 as the probable figure. Most present television sets produce a pale green image, which requires less light. Black-and-white images can be obtained by varying the nature of the fluorescent materials. Experimental R.C.A. and Philco sets look much like a standard radio receiver, with a top which tilts at a forty-five-degree angle. This is lined with a mirror which reflects the image from a cathode-ray tube placed vertically inside the set. Farnsworth's receiver displays the image through the front of the set. Tuning mechanisms are fairly complicated, involving from twelve to fourteen dials. Six by seven inches is about the standard size of images, although R.C.A. has a new tube twelve inches in diameter. Flicker is practically non-existent and the image is bright enough to be viewed in a lighted room.

From a practical angle, television's biggest problem is that of transmission. Microwaves, much shorter than ordinary broadcasting-waves, are employed, and they exhibit peculiar characteristics. The limit of transmission is about twenty-five miles. At distances farther than the visible horizon they skid off into space. Ordinary telephone wires will not transmit them; hence a wire set-up like that used in radio networks is impossible.

Cable—A "coaxial" cable, as it is called, is suitable for television transmission, but installation costs $5,000 a mile. Such a cable has been installed between New York and Philadelphia for experimental purposes, but a nation-wide network is prohibitively costly. The coaxial pipe is a lead cable seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, containing two copper rods the size of a lead-pencil, about which insulated copper is wound. Surrounding these are eight insulated telephone wires.

Relay stations are another possible solution to television transmission troubles, but these, too, are expensive. Two such stations already exist between New York and Philadelphia for use in R.C.A. facsimile transmission. Without human attendants, the stations are "waked up" by an electric signal which starts them in operation, boosts the microwaves on from station to station until they reach their destination. But what television really hopes for is some entirely new method of transmission, perhaps using already existing facilities, which may be developed suddenly by some unknown experimenter.

Future—First to have commercial television, it is generally agreed, will be New York City, then Philadelphia. In both of these cities transmitting-stations already exist. Advancement to other urban centers will be slower. Chicago, for example, will have commercial television only after it has been made to pay in New York and Philadelphia. As each city's television enterprises become self-supporting, installation will be begun in a new center.

That is the way those closest to television visualize the situation to-day. But they also add a word of caution: nothing is impossible in television. Overnight, some unknown worker may announce a startling new discovery which will upset the entire picture of the industry.

MEETINGS: Thousands of Scientists Convene to Discuss Thousands of Technical Topics

A distinguished city with a population of 5,000 moved in bodily upon Atlantic City last week. Famous scientists from all parts of the country gathered at the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to take inventory of the year's scientific progress. So unwieldy was the distinguished gathering that it split up, did its work in thirty sections.

Simultaneously, other scientific societies were meeting in Washington, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Providence. In all, the week's grist was 6,000,000 scientific words, 3,000 technical papers presented before 100 societies. The papers and exhibits included such topics as these:

Big Number—The largest number in the world with concrete significance is the figure 1 followed by 110 ciphers, Dr. Karl T. Compton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology reported. The staggering figure, which would require three full lines to print in this column, represents the number of electrons which could be packed side by side within the limits of the known universe.

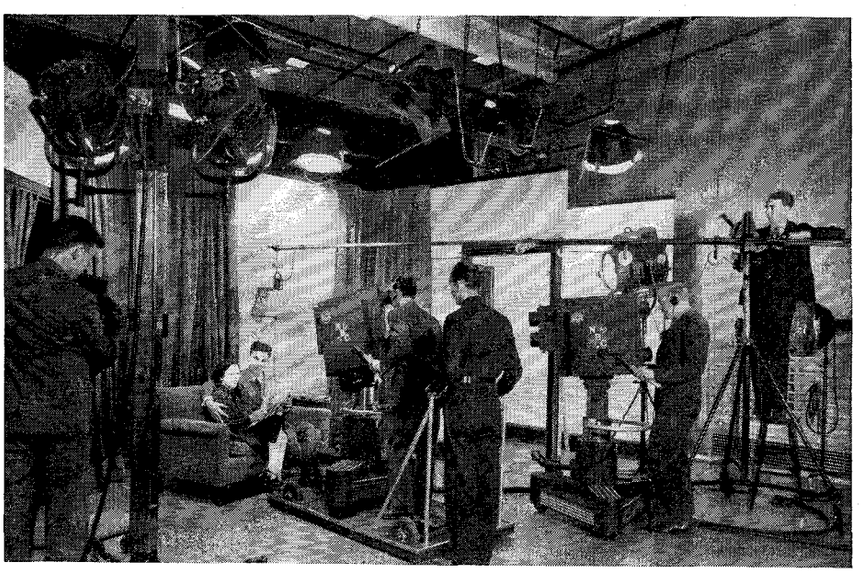
Speed—A device which flips a bright red warning signal before the eyes of automobile speeders was exhibited by the Radio Corporation of America. It is a photo-electric gadget which employs two electric eyes half a mile apart, connected by a simple electric circuit. The cells measure a car's speed exactly; if excessive speed is recorded, they do one of two things: (1) display a red warning lettered, "You are driving too fast"; (2) call a policeman.

Colors—There are 100,000,000 distinguishable colors, only 500 names to distinguish them. To give scientific accuracy to color descriptions, particularly of drugs, the American Pharmaceutical Society introduced a system based on the fundamental terms, red, yellow, green, blue and purple; the component hues, orange, pink, brown and olive, and ten verbal modifiers ranging from "deep" to "faint." Thus "dark blue" represents a definite color standard, not a subjective reaction. Changes in official drug descriptions have been recommended. Powdered oats, now described as whitish, should be very weak yellow; carmine, deep red, rather than bright red.

Dust—Every minute, city dwellers breathe 900,000,000 microscopic dust particles into their lungs, Dr. Helmut Landsberg of Pennsylvania State College reported. Of these, 90,000,000 particles are left behind in the lungs, constituting a recognized health hazard.

Alcohol—Alcoholism is a brain chemistry disease, not a matter of morals, Dr. Edward S. Cowles of New York's Park Avenue Hospital reported. Its death-rate, in his belief, is equal to or greater than that of cancer. He described a new treatment for chronic alcoholism consisting of spinal puncture to relieve fluid pressure in the brain, complete rest, thorough cleansing of the system.

Weather—One of man's most destructive foes is weather, according to figures presented by J. B. Kincer of the U. S. Weather Bureau. Tornadoes, from 1916 to 1935, killed 5,224, caused property loss of $230,000,000. Hurricanes were even more destructive, wrecking $385,970,000 worth of property in the same period. But floods hold the record for disaster: from 1903 to 1935, floods killed 3,000 persons; caused property damage of $1,650,000,000.



NBC television studio: a program being broadcast for sight and sound

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PET PEEVES AND YOUR PERSONALITY

Psychologists Analyze Peeves, Grouches, Phobias, Manias

"He won't wear rubbers!" Mrs. John Nance Garner said. "A cloudburst might induce him to use an umbrella, but rubbers—never!"

The Vice President's wife insists, however, that in the realm of "goat-getters" with "pet peeves," her husband is "no worse than anybody else. He gets a particular peeve to-day and forgets it to-morrow."

Not so casual in dismissing peeves are scientists, psychologists, educators, doctors and diagnosticians who agree that many irritations are deeply rooted in mental and psychical conditions. Differentiations, they claim, must be made between peeves,

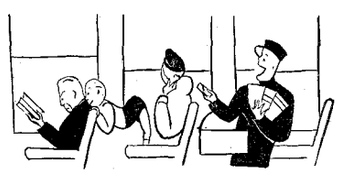
gripes, grouches, resentments, idiosyncrasies, obsessions, manias and phobias.

You Need Them—"Peeves," in fact, "are important to a well-balanced personality," says Dr. William W. Wattenberg, of the School of Education of Northwestern University (author of "On the Educational Front"). "A gripe occurs," in his terminology, "when nothing can be done about a peeve. Nor do poor people have peeves; they have hot resentments.

"An artificial safety-valve by which people compensate themselves for a too-soft existence, peeves are the possessions of people with leisure. . . . A 'pet peeve' develops when a normal or average peeve becomes a habit. But only a distorted personality will allow a peeve to become dominant for any period of time."

Doctor Wattenberg's conclusion is that the peeve is important because it often stimulates other activity.

For the Children—Following the professor's line of reasoning, other educators maintain that children should be allowed to develop without interference. Thus they would probably develop the art of



inventing peeves without taking them too seriously, thereby stimulating themselves to healthy endeavor.

"Idiosyncrasies, obsessions and phobias are often deeply imbedded in childhood inhibitions and harrowing experiences," says Dr. Louis E. Bisch ("Be Glad You're Neurotic"). "We know that there are definite cycles of elation or depression which occur for some people every five or seven days or at longer intervals."

Peeves, grouches and resentments are not serious and can be removed more easily than idiosyncrasies, obsessions and phobias. The latter require medical and

psychological attention. But "all these conditions," asserts Doctor Bisch, "show that some maladjustment exists, bringing about a noble or ignoble achievement depending upon its removal or continued ingrowing."

Scotch Peeves—Pet peeves by another name often are petty economies. Bruce Barton hates to see medicine wasted. Whenever a little is left in a bottle, he drinks it up—"thus far with excellent results." George Jean Nathan cannot spend money on a wash-cloth. He has bought only two in his life, back in 1908, "while under the lavish excitation of alcohol." When he runs out of wash-cloths he uses towel-ends until his housekeeper makes the necessary purchases herself.

Frank Sullivan and O. O. McIntyre would rather pay a doctor to cure their head colds than wear their hats and pay tips for checking them. McIntyre can't relinquish bits of string, wrapping-paper and bottles. Only by sheer will-power can

Roger W. Babson serve guests with meats and desserts when he knows full well the diners are better off without them.

Doctor Bisch himself has a peeve—that of finding himself without matches. He satisfies it by collecting packets of matches in every restaurant, hotel or private home he enters. When he retires at night he unloads pocketsful of them.

T'Ain't Right—With the theory that people develop peeves in order to give themselves the fun of getting rid of them—like hitting your head with a hammer because it feels so good when you stop—Westbrook Pegler grits his teeth when people call a sling-shot a "slug-shot." "A sling-shot is *always* a sling-shot and cannot be anything else," he snarls.

Pet peeve of Mrs. Simpson is said to be American newspaper men, that of the Duke of Windsor, divorce. James J. Farley has two peeves, Maine and Vermont. President Roosevelt has no pronounced peeves. But a Washington wag hints that, if he did, it would be polls.

Summing up: The simple peeve is a source of welcome discomfort. Healthy people cherish them in answer to their demand for attention. People with real worries are practically peeveless because their attention is taken up with more consuming troubles.

Justifiable peeves; pick your favorites:

Bathroom Peeves—Small guest towels, wet towels, dirty towels. Perfumed soap, wives who use hubby's razor, but don't insert a fresh blade. Tubs that don't drain, and people who don't wipe out the "ring." People who let the bath-mat slide into the water, track bath-powder all over the house—hide their tooth-paste when they know you haven't any left.

Restaurant Peeves—Waiters who bring that second piece of butter along with the dessert, breathe down your neck, fail to supply matches and ash-trays, spill the coffee over into the saucer. Proprietors who serve noisy orchestras rather than good food, expect their customers to use bent-pronged forks.

Pedestrian Peeves—People who walk backward while saying good-by, who take Walter Pitkin's advice and let the other fellow push the revolving door, who bump their way down the street on the left side of the sidewalk. Stenographers who walk six abreast.

Motorist Peeves—Drivers who haven't learned the signals, who "cheat" the traffic lights, who expect the right of way when they come out of a side street. Those who lead the procession on the Sunday highway, those who try to streak past, only to cut back in line. Drivers who honk impatiently, race past, then crawl along at an even slower pace than that maintained by the car they passed.

Travel Peeves—Paper cups which fall apart. Young children in transit. Perennial banana and chocolate-bar eaters. Hawkers with souvenir pillows, banners, postcards and dark glasses. Pullman berths.

Theater Peeves—Those barking seals, the coughers. Self-appointed and audible critics who explain the plot. The people who can't understand it. Empress Eugenie hats. "Spooners" who don't duck down below eye level.

Week-End Peeves—The host who insists on your playing badminton, whose floors are highly polished, whose rugs serve as substitutes for roller-skates. Cold cereal which was meant to be hot. Guest towels, swimming-parties after the ball.

Boy-and-Girl Peeves—Girls who watch the handsome lad at the other table. The buttonhole twisters, the simperers, the "snoots." The boy who thinks his drink-

ing proclivities make him a man-about-town. The girl who is a perfect lady—until two A.M. The boy who thinks a movie and a cocktail slaps a mortgage on a girl's body and soul.

Gift Peeves (for after Christmas)—Powder-puffs with long handles, bath-salts, address-books with the whimsical card attached: "No excuse for not writing now!" Ties, handkerchiefs, socks done up in cellophane. Other people's children's pictures. Hand-made pin-cushions and calendars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SWEET AND LOW: VOICE TECHNIQUE

Speech Training Prospers as Radio and Cinema Start Vogue

Ten years ago a sign, "Voice Culturist," outside a lodging-house in a big American city was a curiosity associated with aspiring opera-singers and amateur Billy Sundays. Hurrying America had a lot to say straight from the shoulder, in as little time as possible; cared not a whit how it said it.

To-day these signs dot window-fronts in the smallest towns. In the big cities, downtown office-buildings flaunt the bronze name-plates of voice correction clinics and better speech institutes. At high schools, colleges and universities speech and voice courses overflow classrooms.

In hundreds of homes young America stands before a mirror, listens to himself (or herself) say "ah," "ay," "oo," "aw-l." The production of speech includes the perfect exercise of a pair of bellows (the lungs and bronchi), the nice adjustment of two vibrating curtains (vocal cords), together with the proper shaping of the lips, tongue and soft palate for each sound. The whole apparatus is manipulated by many muscles, big and little. In offices stenographers ask one another: "Do I swallow or gargle my vowels?" "Have I good lip consonants?"

Voice-Minded—Influenced by radio, the talkies and interest in public speaking, the country has stopped to listen to its voice, decided it needs a lot of improvement. In so doing it has made voice culture an industry, voice personality a dominant qualification for job-seekers, polite conversation and parlor polemic prime social requisites.

Last week, the full measure of this new cultural aspect became evident as 1,000 members of the National Association of Teachers of Speech and of the American Speech Correction Institute sat down in St. Louis' Statler Hotel to compare reports from coast to coast.

Voice News—Most significant news came from the New York Speech Correction Association, which reported that ten years ago only 4 per cent. of all educational press notices mentioned voice culture and speech correction, whereas to-day this has jumped to 25 per cent. Out of a mass of other enthusiastic facts delegates drew figures of potential business which were as eloquent as their own well-poised, polished deliveries.

Most cheering figure disclosed estimated that 98 per cent. of the population needed some speech conditioning, of which 2 per cent. of the adults and 5 per cent. of the children are in the serious defective class. Chief defect is the common stutter. It accounts for one-half of defectives, or well over a million stutterers in the country.

For purposes of dealing with it publicly, stuttering and stammering to many teachers are almost synonymous. Technically, tho, stuttering is set down as a lack of ability to stop one sound, continue on to the next, while stammering is a lack of ability to start speaking.

Remedy—Both are conceived as serious disorders of the nervous system, altho stammering is sometimes laid to a primary physical defect. Best cure for stuttering is psychoanalysis, in which the aim is to build up the normal inequality thought to exist between the two sides of the brain.

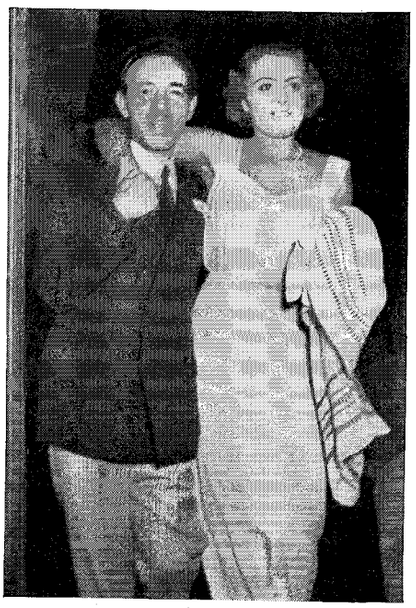
Pictures, Inc.

Dr. Moore: "your own voice surprizes you"

Treatments usually are successful in several months. Resort to surgery is seldom necessary.

Done almost entirely in monotone, stammering and stuttering indicate a lack of emotional control in which, according to some speech correctors, they become a weapon of defense of the victim against the outside world. Basis for this is the fact that they often talk normally when alone, since, the tension lacking, there is no reason for defense.

Less common defects are lisping, which generally takes a year to cure; baby talk, which requires from twelve to fifteen years' treatment; foreign accents, nasality, lack of resonance, hoarseness and lalling, which, hard to eradicate, require indeterminate periods of attention.



David Ross recommends whispering

All through history man has been afflicted with one or another of these vocal flaws. Earliest famed stutterer was Moses, who said of himself: "Oh Lord, I am not eloquent, but I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue." Demosthenes, the Greek orator, cured himself of stuttering by rolling pebbles in his mouth and roaring at the sea. Cicero, the Roman orator, also overcame this deficiency. Charles I of England cured himself, only to fall under the ax before he could make use of his new fluency.

Governor Landon's voice is typical of unresonant, unprojected deliveries. As the campaign swung along, it improved. On the other hand, President Roosevelt has everything a voice should have. Father Coughlin, Senator William Borah, Senator Alben W. Barkley and John L. Lewis also have fine voices.

No one in modern life pays more attention to voice than film stars. Among them, Myrna Loy, Helen Hayes and Ann Harding have unusual larynx appeal. Their voices have a regular well-controlled *vibrato*, silken in smoothness, rich in throat resonance. Jean Arthur has thrill appeal in her husky, voluptuous speech. In radio the voice is one's fortune. Rudy Vallee says he puts as much intimacy as possible in his broadcasts. Lowell Thomas and Graham MacNamee can make listeners feel drama with a punch.

Attention-Getters—Few speakers can hold a radio audience more than a quarter of an hour. Rare is the man who can do it for sixty minutes. The listeners are held or lost the first moment. The sound the speaker hears when he speaks is not the one the listeners hear. Reason: the low sound waves in the voice sound in the speaker's own ear more readily, emphasize the low overtones.

"When a person hears his voice for the first time," said Dr. Paul Moore, of Northwestern University's School of Speech, a delegate to the St. Louis convention, "he usually is greatly surprized. He is surprized that he doesn't speak as distinctly as he thought he did, and that his voice sounds so monotonous."

When New England Telephone Company officials studied their own voices, they decided to open a school for speech improvement for the public. In this way they hope to turn the Yankee twang into the well-modulated tone of radio announcers. Voice mirrors will be installed, and after tests the company will furnish tutors. One of these mirrors was demonstrated in New York last winter, is still in use. Biggest patrons are women, whose main interest is to learn how their voices sound to current "hims."

Errors—Most people swallow their voices, thus producing unprojected, mumbling effects. Many, too, suffer from stiff jaws, lazy lips, sleepy tongues. An all-too-common bad vocal production is due to an unnatural strain put upon the muscles of the throat and mouth and upper part of the chest. The sounds so produced are flat, choked, strident, nasal, sharp.

To correct this deficiency, these rules should be followed: Relax the throat. Keep the muscles of the jaw and mouth at ease. Let all the resonant cavities around and above the vocal chords be open and comfortable. That is their natural condition for natural speech.

To improve the voice, David Ross, Columbia Broadcasting System announcer, who won in 1932 the annual radio announcer gold medal award of the American

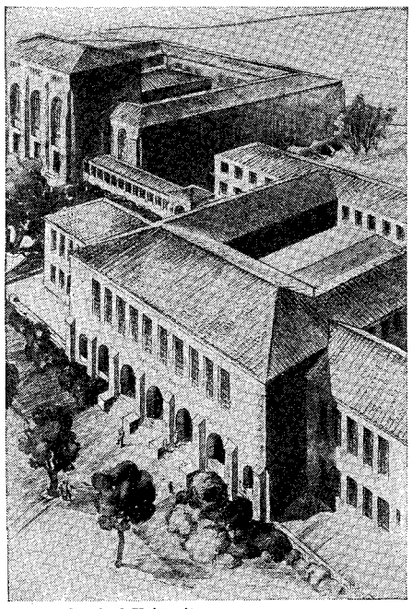
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

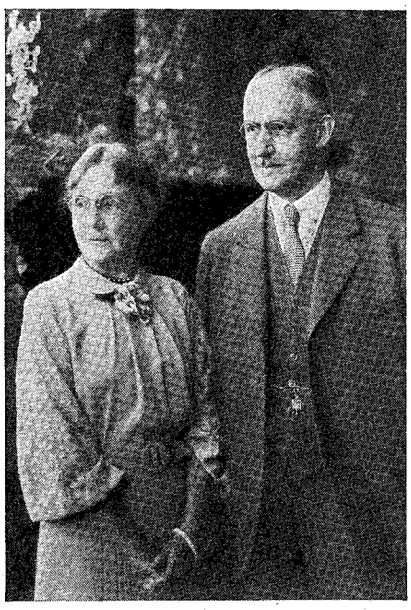
Academy of Arts and Letters, recommends: Read poems aloud to understand the emotional quality of words, read nonsense verse and doggerel to train the lips and tongue to sound fantastic syllables, read aloud in a whisper so every word sound can be heard, sing simple songs in full voice, then in gradual *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*.

TEACHER-GIVER: Hoosier Schoolmaster's Gift to Stanford; Author, Architect, Investor

From a puffing Southern Pacific train at Mayfield, California, one brown fall day in 1898 stepped a young, ex-Hoosier college professor accompanied by his shy wife, Helen, also Indiana-born.

Up from San Diego to join the Department of Education of the new Leland Stanford Junior University, he rode with her out over the dusty road to the campus farm, fingered as he jolted along barely enough cash to set up housekeeping.





Courtesy Stanford University

Mr. and Mrs. Cubberley's 20-year pin-money will erect Stanford's new building

For thirty-five years thereafter, Ellwood Patterson Cubberley plodded along, to all appearances the generic "underpaid" American professor. Quietly, he rose to executive head of the Education Department, became in turn Dean and Dean Emeritus of the new School of Education, saw 2,555 students come and go.

Little Present—In 1933, his gray hair combed high over his forehead, his close-clipped mustache suggesting a pleasant-faced business man rather than a scholar, Professor Cubberley strode into the office of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, University President, announced casually:

"I'd like to make a gift to the University."

Gaging his caller as one of the frequent small donors, Doctor Wilbur good-humoredly escorted him across the foyer of the Administration Building to the office of Comptroller Almon E. Roth. There the elderly professor held out a sheet of accounting paper which made both officials gasp. It represented a cash gift running into six figures.

"For twenty years, my wife and I dreamed of making this gift," he said calmly. "We kept it a secret. I am retiring, and I want to turn over my pin-money to the University. It's for a new education building."

Designer—Last July, Stanford's Board of Trustees approved plans for the structure, a three-story affair made more unusual by the fact that it was designed by Professor Cubberley himself in his spare time as an amateur architect.

The first major classroom edifice to be built on the "Harvard of the West's" campus in more than thirty years, the new school with equipment will cost around $525,000. From accrued interest and appreciation of wise investments since the Cubberley gift was made, more than enough money is on hand to finance it.

Always modest, yet exuding a relatively prosperous air, Professor Cubberley made college history as news of the "small gift" swept the campus. Many a fellow professor knew that "Dad" Cubberley had lived simply, had tucked away income from the editorship of 100 volumes in the "Riverside Text Books in Education Series" and the authorship of eighteen books, as well as fees from six nationally-important educational surveys and numerous lectures.

Investor—What they did not know was that he had for twenty years lived on his University salary, kept his outside earnings apart. By a secret hobby of business, he had conserved and enhanced these until they made a tidy fortune. He frankly admitted that he was able to do this by dabbling in the stock market. As dividends rolled in, royalties piled up on the other side of his purse, he wisely studied the stock boards, made quick and profitable reinvestments.

On the technique of his Jesse Livermore-like system, "Dad" Cubberley was vague. As he recited it to eager neighbors, it was much like preparing for an examination. He subscribed for the best statistical services he could lay hands on, bought only good standard investments after a thorough analysis of market conditions.

Most everything he touched turned figuratively to gold. So well did he buy that his stocks and bonds shared the full stride of the recent Wall Street price upswing.

Beginner—When many a villager back in Andrews, Indiana, where the genial professor was born one June day in 1868, read of his stock exploits, they saw small wonder in his success. Elderly residents well remembered calling at his father's drug store any time after 5 A. M. and after school, espying young Ellwood behind the counter. He dusted and labeled little bottles, filled coal lamps which he placed behind colored window bowls.

Noticing a keen money sense in him, "Pa" and "Ma" Cubberley set their hearts upon making him a business man, succeeded only in inculcating in him a lively amateur interest in business methods and ideas. The boy's real enthusiasm was education. He joined the late David Starr Jordan (then President of Indiana University), who needed a magic lantern boy to help him in his lectures up and down the countryside.

Schoolmaster—Young Cubberley caught the spirit of modern education from this great American figure, plunged eagerly into it for a career. He taught in a little one-room school for a while, later gave courses in French and English in Baptist College (Ridgeville, Indiana), rose from physical science instructor to President of Indiana University (1891-'96).

Resigning the Presidency, Professor Cubberley departed to take over the superintendence of the schools of San Diego, California, which were the pawn of a bitter political fight. He pulled the schools together in a brilliant feat of leadership, attracting again the attention of his old boss, Doctor Jordan, who had become Stanford's President. Once more he joined the venerable educator, launched himself on a cultural career at Palo Alto whose influence has spread to the ends of the earth.

Virtually every child who has attended school in the last three decades has absorbed some of this in the famed Riverside series. At the broad desk of his study, which he designed himself, he said last week: "Every one of those books was written or edited at this desk." He indicated, too, a row of eighteen other scholarly works likewise penned at that desk.

Builder—Like building up his fortune, the inclination to build more material things came naturally to him. One year he moved into Palo Alto, built himself and his wife a Colonial house, scrapped it as a home six months later for a personally-designed ten-room Spanish mission type of dwelling on the campus. That was twenty-five years ago. A neighbor to-day is Ex-President Herbert Hoover.

The new education building he regards as his architectural masterpiece. Easy of access will be the many modern facilities. Erected adjacent to the Stanford Library and the Thomas Welton Stanford Art Gallery, the new edifice will form with them a new Quadrangle.

There "Dad" Cubberley dreams of classes of future college presidents and deans who will learn that character-building, not money-making, is the primary object of education.

Said he: "The school system should be thought of as society's chief formal agency to develop in its people the vision, the creativeness, and discipline which will enable them to lead noble personal lives."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SONJA HENIE: "ONE IN A MILLION"

So Zanuck Believes in Spending $1,243,000 to Star Skater

It is possible to unscramble an egg.

The process is involved, takes about ninety days, all told, relieves unemployment of upward of 600 expensive talents. But it has to be done with a motion-picture camera, it costs about $1,243,000 and sometimes the results aren't worth it.

A successful example of egg-unscrambling costing exactly that is "One in a Million," Sonja Henie's screen debut to be released New Year's day by 20th Century Fox on screens from coast to coast.

The egg, scrambled, was put on the breakfast table of Darryl Francis Zanuck, production ringmaster of the studio, one morning last spring. He was reading his paper, the egg lay unnoticed. He found, buried back in the sports section of his Los Angeles paper, a notice that Henie, three times Olympic figure-skating champion, would be the star that night of an ice-skating exhibition in the Polar Ice Palace. He started to flip past the paragraph, returned to it, determined to go. The determination cost $1,243,000 before it was over. The studio will get it back—with profit. Zanuck pictures always get it back—with profit.

Contract—That night Zanuck sat in a box with other film executives. Henie's beauty and skill dazzled them, but to seven she was a blonde and lovely athlete on silver knife-blades. Zanuck, the eighth, saw her as a cinema star undiscovered. He said nothing, did nothing. When the exhibition was over, he slipped to her dressing-room, forked out a fountain pen and got her to sign a contract with the studio.

He didn't know it, she certainly didn't, but "One in a Million" was from that moment in production. Already about $117 of his time and a cent's worth of ink had been spent from the $1,200,000 budget.

She came to the studio, was made up, tested. She filmed well, had poise. No acting talent had been expected. All that worried Zanuck was the necessity of finding a suitable story for Henie, giving her lots of opportunity to skate, not too much to act. It worried her, too.

Conference—Zanuck sent for an associate producer, hoarse-voiced Raymond Griffith, comedy star of silent pictures, now a shrewd picture-maker. Griffith looked upon the whole notion as one gorged and primed with TNT, but was willing to concede that Miss Henie could skate, her hair was lovely, her features interesting. Zanuck and Griffith thrashed words at each other for an hour, no idea came. Zanuck ordered Griffith to have an original story written at once. Perhaps a pair of scenarists could dredge up a vehicle for a figure-skater.

In his office, Griffith seized the roster of scenario-writers, pushed a button. He summoned Mark Kelly, ex-Los Angeles sports-writer, and Leonard Praskins, one of the best story-constructors in Hollywood. He laid the disturbing assignment in their laps, the three went back to Zanuck.

Praskins, at that conference, suggested an ice-skating carnival picture, with a "Boy Meets Girl" romance. A sort of Cupid on runners idea. Griffith allowed that sounded all right. Zanuck okayed it. Kelly began to gouge back in memory for ice-skating experience. He was dismayed to remember that the opportunities for ice-skating in Los Angeles had been rare.

Story—Praskins and Kelly went into a huddle, emerged ten days later with the outline of an ice-skating musical comedy plot. They, Griffith and Zanuck had another conference. Zanuck approved the outline, told the boys to go ahead. Then he sent for Sidney Lanfield, director. He told Lanfield he wanted him to direct the Henie picture. Lanfield said he'd wait to see the script, complete, but penciled in his willingness.

For two weeks, Praskins and Kelly burbled words and ideas, ending up with 50,000 words of new story. They broke the plot up into sequence and camera shots, laid 127 pages of back-breaking script on Griffith's desk. It went on to Zanuck, he blue-crayoned a sprawling "O.K." on its face, ordered forty copies mimeographed. By nightfall carpenters, painters, scene-designers, costume-designers, steel-erectors, shoemakers, wig-makers, ice-freezers and actors had copies.

The master copy went to Edward Ebele, whose task it is to reduce script pages to cost sheets, add up the resulting figures, whistle twice and try to prune.

Costs—He struck a sum a few thousand dollars beyond the agreed budget. The agreed budget was $1,200,000. His calculations made the picture seem to be a $1,500,000 project. He trimmed, whittled, cut and scraped down to $1,245,000. Later, two thousand dollars melted away, bringing the cost down further.

Lew Schreiber, in casting; Louis Silvers, in music; V. L. McFadden, in construction; Thomas K. Little, in property; Arthur M. Levy, in wardrobe; Royer, in styling; William Darling, in art; Jack Haskell, in dance; Walter T. Strohm, in engineering; Ernest Wetmore, in make-up, were sweating over copies of the script.

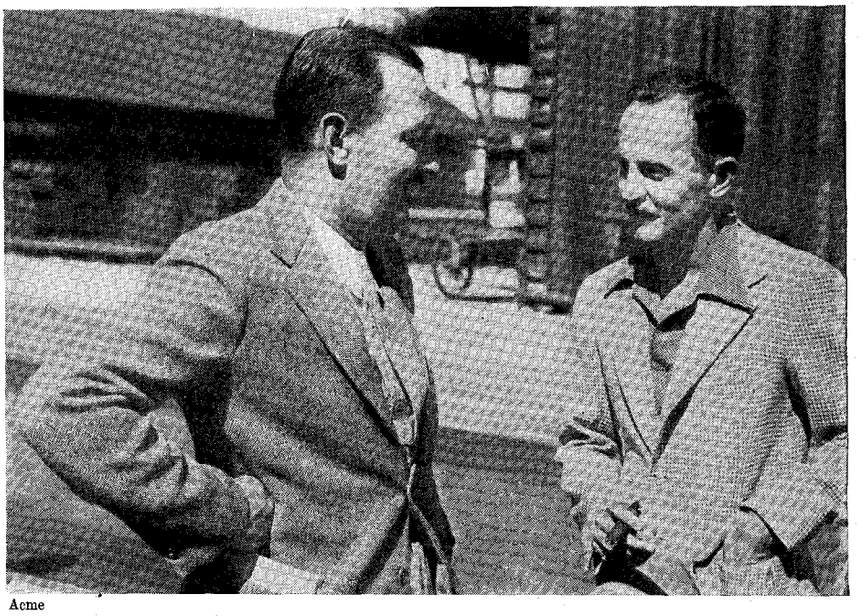
Zanuck, Griffith and Lanfield ironed out the last corduroy patches in the script, agreed that Cameraman Edward Cronjager should photograph the picture.

"I still don't know how she's going to turn out," Griffith ventured.

"She's all right," Zanuck replied firmly. "She's one in a million."

Griffith penciled the phrase on a sheet of paper. It became the title for the picture.

Cast—Schreiber regarded Adolphe Menjou as the best actor for the role of a farcical orchestra leader-promoter. He assigned him. Jean Hersholt, on the lot and temporarily freed from playing physician to the Dionne quintuplets, was cast as Sonja's father. Ned Sparks seemed to be the best bet to play a comical, acidulous American newsreel cameraman. Don Ameche, another build-up actor on the lot, got the romantic lead, Arline Judge and Dixie Dunbar were assigned comedy wise-cracking roles. Lastly, he cast the star-bound riotous Ritz Brothers.



Acme

Said Zanuck (right) to Griffith: "She's all right, she's one in a million"

Miniature settings began to pile up on Zanuck's desk. The more he looked at them, the more he wanted more cast. He sent for Schreiber. What Zanuck wants, Schreiber gives him. So Borrah Minevitch and his harmonica players were signed for the picture. Then Leah Ray, sojourning under pay without a role, was cast and, lastly, Montagu Love, for a comedy role.

Kelly and Praskins, getting paler by the minute, watched these changes, quickly realized they'd have to revise the scenario to accommodate the growing production. Already a total of 110,000 words had come from them. Wearily, but game, they sent for the script, rewrote it. In its final version it became an ice-skating musical extravaganza.

Construction—Lanfield and his assistants, William Forsyth and Gene Bryant, took the final scenario, arranged it for camera, studied the miniature sets.

The construction department was converting blue-prints into actual settings. If the scenario read "Hallway: night,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dancer, actress, Olympic champion . . . Sonja Henie cuts figures on the Fox screen

Henie and Ameche meet," the boss carpenter went to Lanfield, found out just how much of the hallway would be photographed. If Lanfield said eight feet, only eight feet of hallway was built. It would have been wasteful to build a long hallway.

Others in the construction department began staking claims on corners of the sound stages. A hallway here, a staircase there, a garden path over in that corner, a ski slide in this half of a stage. Thus the settings were ready before Lanfield, the cast and Cronjager got to them. Time was saved.

Combining all these details, working with director, star, cameraman, art department and the property loft, the production department decided when actual filming could start, taking into consideration what other films were being made, what stages were in use. All was made to mesh.

Schedule—Finally, Ebele laid out a shooting schedule. Certain scenes on Monday, others Tuesday, and so on. Four night-work schedules were arranged. It takes a day of filming to make sufficient footage to consume two minutes on the screen in the finished picture. To get this two minutes of projectable film, the director usually makes twenty-five different camera set-ups in two or three settings.

Ebele and Schreiber conferred. It was arranged to have certain players available on the days assigned to sequences in which they appeared. This cut salary waste.

Haskell was directing forty-two boys and forty-two girls in an ice-skating chorus, training them to dance on skates on ice. Lew Pollack and Sidney Mitchell were writing a score.

The picture went into production September 25. Every night for forty-two nights, Zanuck met the heads of each department involved in the production and discussed that day's work, planned the next.

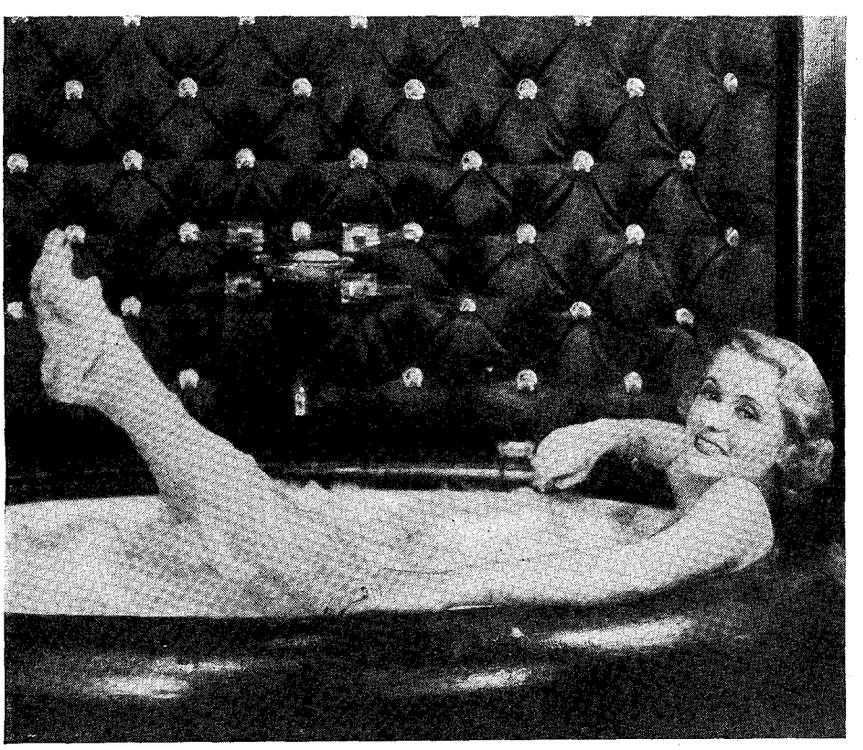
Ice—Several thousand dollars was spent arranging a cold stage for the rink scenes. The ice was achieved, smooth as glass, brilliant. Too brilliant. When the powerful studio lights hit it, it sent back glares that blurred the camera lens, ruined film.

It was a one-day headache. Overnight it was solved. McFadden went to work on the problem, solved it. He made artificial ice that looked like ice, felt like ice, filmed the way ice looks to the normal eye. But it was dull, sent back no reflections, no high-lights. It was a secret compound which the studio guards zealously, but any one guessing that water-glass, powdered wax and borax are in it wouldn't be far wrong.

Henie performed her acting scenes well, was in championship form in the skating scenes. She will be, thanks to Zanuck, a sensation.

The result of the unscrambling, with almost 600 hands involved for a total pay-roll, is a nice, smooth motion-picture that is one of the best of the year, that sends Sonja Henie, a girl who can skate, into the ranks of the cinema stars.

Zanuck still reads at breakfast. He expects to find, somewhere back in the depths of a newspaper, another star, another story. He probably will.



"The Women" . . . Betty Lawford laves luxuriously before a full house

"THE WOMEN": Clare Boothe Mixes Sour and Sweet in Sniping Drama of Feminine Foibles

America's No. 1 woman-hater is Clare Boothe, who uses her typewriter as a scalpel to dissect the vanities and pomps of her sex. When not turning her surgical prose to correction of social frailties, she is writing plays. These come along about one every eighteen months, differ from her prose in one respect: each play has a noble, sacrificial heroine untrammeled by artifice.

Miss Boothe's newest foray against womanly didoes in the Park Avenue warrens is a play, "The Women," with thirty-five actresses, no men. It takes audiences on a personally conducted tour of Manhattan's smartest hide-outs for women, nooks seldom, if ever, invaded by man.

Shifting Scenes—The play begins in a living-room, moves to the miscreances of a beauty shop, darts into a boudoir, shows what happens when overrich underbright women go to gymnasiums to reduce, flits back-stairs to a pantry, gives a close-up of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Try to make this winter *different!* Start now to build good general resistance

It's so much better to prepare for winter discomforts *in advance* than to try and cope with them after they have started.

Like many people, your general resistance is probably low after a winter of indoor living. Other times of year, this low general resistance might not be a cause for great concern.

But January and February are different! These are "peak" months for winter conditions. During this mid-winter season, they're most frequent, most severe, and last longest. You can scarcely afford *not* to have good general resistance now!

So start a new program this winter. *Before* winter conditions bother you, try something that will help build up your general resistance. Get acquainted with *Adex*.

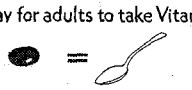
Adex gives you the protective benefits of Vitamin A, an important aid in building good general resistance. Adex also provides extra "sunshine" Vitamin D.

The vitamins are from *natural* sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

Today, arrange to have Adex put at your breakfast place every morning. Routine use *every day* is what counts. Adex may be obtained in tablets or capsules at any reliable drug store. Prepared only by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

a private room in an expensive maternity hospital, shows the living-room of a hotel suite in Reno, takes its audience to a rococo bathroom, in which one of the actresses takes a tubbing, clothes herself in shimmering suds, winds up in the ladies' powder-room of a night-club.

In each of these settings women snipe artfully, hurt deliberately, destroy one another's reputations and arrange divorces. They approach their task of social crucifixion with all the calm reason of a wounded female tiger, lashing out with expensively manicured claws. Through this pageant of feline capers, moves *Mrs. Stephen Haines*, remote, cool, above petty acid-throwing, a lady.

Playwright—Miss Boothe, an ex-Brokaw by divorce, now married to Henry R. Luce, publisher of *Time*, makes a glib, smooth thing of her extended cat fight for two acts, grows weary of the silken skirmish in the third. By then, all of the women have scratched one another, have broken hearts, destroyed homes, sprayed corrosive prose-acid about the smartest haunts in New York.

The First Night audience laughed at the most adroit moments, gasped a little at five lines of dialog, gasped much at one. It is the most candid play of the season, leaves no one guessing about anything. It brashly exposes the social tactics of the paid-for sable-coat set, mocks some of the fondest customs of the times.

Often a victim of reprisal, as a result of her searching articles on women, Miss Boothe prepared last week to face new onslaughts as a result of her play. The only thing that could prevent them was critical reaction to "The Women."

Critics—Most critics were cool to it, recorded it as somewhat distasteful, leaving them more bored than amused. Others merely wrote they didn't like it for themselves, but thought women might. Virtually all condemned the saccharine heroine, wondered why Miss Boothe always made her heroines so all-suffering and angelic.

Two peaks of audience interest came from the bathtub scene, in which Miss Betty Lawford laved herself in full view of the audience, and the maternity-hospital scene, when Miss Phyllis Povah, playing a mother, spoke plainly of childbirth and the biting habits of new infants.

Richard Watts, Jr., New York *Herald Tribune*: "The most surprizing feature of the new play is the presence in a comedy reeking of sophistication, cynicism and sex frankness of the most furiously sweet-souled stage heroine since the hero rescued the ingenue from the buzz-saw in the old Al Woods melodrama."

Burns Mantle, New York *Daily News*: " 'The Women' is a drama of the smarter parasites caught with their hair down and talking among themselves as girls will."

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Valiant Is the Word for Carrie"; "Dodsworth"; "Libeled Lady"; "Winterset"; "That Girl From Paris"; "Lloyds of London."

AAA—"The Garden of Allah"; "A Woman Rebels."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

DARLING, YOU'RE LIKE YOUR OLD CHEERFUL SELF AGAIN_ NO MORE EARLY MORNING GROUCHES
SEE? HE'S FOUND THE SECRET OF HAPPY SHAVES_A GILLETTE BLADE IN A GILLETTE RAZOR! WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

You Get Cleaner Smoother Shaves

when you use the blade that is made for your razor

WHY make shaving an uncomfortable task? Why be satisfied with ragged, half-way shaves that skip over bristles and leave part of your beard behind?

Here's the way to be *sure* of smooth, clean shaves always. Use Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor. Then note how smoothly and gently your razor glides over your skin. See how quickly and cleanly it removes every sign and trace of whiskers.

Here's the reason: the Gillette Blade and the Gillette Razor *are made for each other*. They were designed by the same engineers and are produced by the same manufacturer. Together they constitute the world's finest shaving combination.

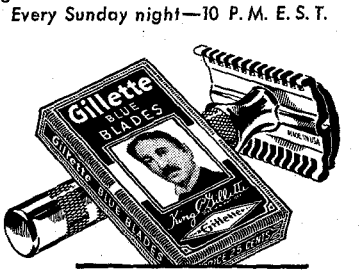
Tested by Diamonds

Miracles of science are performed as Gillette Blades are "X-rayed" for hidden flaws . . . diamond-tested for hardness . . . measured for sharpness by a beam of light (their shaving edges are actually too keen to be seen by the human eye).

If you have strayed away from using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor, a new shaving thrill awaits you. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and slip one into your Gillette Razor tomorrow morning. See how pleasant shaving can really be when your blade and razor match!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Every Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.



Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUN WORSHIPPERS Modern Style

● It's good to be alive in El Paso's warm winter sunshine★—good to be off for a canter across desert, mesa and mountain, to loaf in a sun-drenched patio, to golf every day, to see the sights of Nature's Wonderland: Carlsbad Caverns, White Sands, the romantic Rio Grande, Old Mexico, land of mystery and legend, the cattle country. Comfortable accommodations await you.

Special winter rates and stopovers on all railroads: Rock Island, Santa Fe, So. Pac., T. & P., Varney and Amer. Airlines and Greyhound Bus Lines.

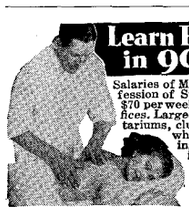
El Paso County, TEXAS

★ 50 YEAR AVERAGE DAYTIME TEMPERATURE FOR JAN. 57.6°

SUNSHINE PLAYGROUND OF THE BORDER

EL PASO GATEWAY CLUB
306 San Francisco Street, El Paso, Texas
Please send new Sunshine Playground booklet to
Name
Address

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home



Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as $40 to $70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums, clubs and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Anatomy charts and supplies are given with our course. Write for details

National College of Massage & Physio-Therapy, 20 N. Ashland Avenue, Dept. 156, Chicago, Ill.

THE FUNK & WAGNALLS NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY is needed in every American home where education and culture are truly esteemed.

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

Art

LAYMAN'S CODE IN JUDGING PAINTINGS

Look for Composition, Contrast, Color and Imagination

Doing the Art Galleries: A Play.

The Time: Fall or winter, when artists put on exhibitions of their work.

The Place: Any art gallery in any city of the world.

The Characters: An art critic and a little coterie of those who make a pretense of knowing art.

THE ART CRITIC (deep in thought): "Ah—harrumph!—hum-m-m."

THE PRETENDERS, their eyes on the critic rather than on the painting:

"The composition!"

"The contrasts!"

"The colors!"

"The imagination!"

(Each of the pretenders has left in his voice a note which may be interpreted as favorable or unfavorable to the phase of the picture he has mentioned; none of them has dared express an opinion.)

THE CRITIC (turning to glare at them): "Harrumph!"

So much for Routine No. 1, or Phony Phrases for Use in Art Galleries. It won't do for the thousands of honest laymen who really want to appreciate art, have no dependable criteria for criticizing it audibly, and hence wander from canvas to canvas in awed silence.

All too often are people scared by the pretensions surrounding art and artists; it takes a lot of courage for the average man to own up to disliking an accepted master. But if one wants to get something from a picture for himself, he must first like anything that attracts him.

Artist's Advice—Grant Wood, the Iowa artist whose paintings of the American scene have been widely praised and as widely deprecated, would have it that no one can teach the appreciation of art through words.

"It is perhaps the main fault of America to want things accomplished too easily," he says. "Art, it seems to me, demands considerable effort on the part of the appreciator, as well as the artist, since there are so many diverting influences to be overcome, so much rubbish we have acquired about art to be thrown overboard.

"For a time, the beginner must take the words of the critic that there are qualities in a picture that he may not understand, but has the capacity to understand. He (the beginner) should try to respond to it in its totality, not alone in its representative meaning. This does not entail hypocrisy or snobbishness, but rather humility, which is the crowning virtue of a good art lover."

Discounting Mr. Wood's remark that "no one can teach an appreciation of art through words" (he gave one sensible rule himself in pointing out that a beginner should try to respond to a picture in its entirety), there are several general rules to follow. Four of them may be taken from the mouths of the aforementioned pretenders: They concern (1) composition; (2) contrasts in lines, planes or objects; (3) color; (4) imagination shown by the artist.

Composition probably is most important. To achieve successful composition, an artist must organize the various objects he is painting into a well-knit whole; the eye must not wander from the central theme. If he is painting a portrait, the background or the ornamentation of the subject must supplement the main theme and in no way distract one from it.

A well-balanced composition must take either of two forms: (1) it must draw the eyes inward toward the center of the canvas, as railroad-tracks draw the gaze to the point where they meet the horizon;

Wide World

Agnes Guest noses into home stretch in her 17-year task of picture copying

(2) the eyes must travel evenly away from the center as the rays of the sun reach out into space. In either of these forms, there must be a continuity—a flow in the picture without any breaks.

Contrast is necessary in a well-composed picture. Straight lines must contrast with curved, vertical with horizontal, and large objects should be opposed by small ones. No successful painting can be made entirely of horizontal or semihorizontal lines.

Color plays an important part and should obey the same rules. Vivid colors become brighter if the artist contrasts them with dull tones. Yet he cannot place all of his vibrant colors in one portion of the picture, leaving the rest of the canvas drab.

Imagination—After composition, contrast and color have been determined, the artist must next stand test for his ability to attract interest; he must show imagination and versatility. His brush must have stability to keep a picture within the bounds of good composition; yet it must have variations of the central theme to keep the repetition from becoming tiresome.

Constant application of these rules uncovers many interesting points for the novice. A painting that at first seemed to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comply with them, on further study falls short. The beginner soon learns to reject it as a bad picture—and correctly.

But it is wiser for him not to spread his newly-gained knowledge too thinly. Far better that he should select ten or twelve paintings at random, studying them carefully until he is sure whether they fall within the rules.

More Advice—William Gropper, whose drawings have bitter satire in them—his cartoon of Japan's Emperor Hirohito pulling a jinricksha loaded with the Nobel Peace Prize, when published in *Vanity Fair* last year, caused international repercussions—gives the student of art some further suggestions:

"To decide whether a work of art is good or bad, go through the following: Walk into an art gallery and pick out any painting. Look at it from a distance of three feet; take your right hand out of your pocket and stroke your beard. Appear in deep thought; then walk very close to the picture, smell it. Now walk backwards about six feet with your eyes still glued to the picture and stand there waiting until somebody passes and makes a remark such as 'Ah!' Then you should know that it's a bad picture. You can also try looking at pictures sideways and standing on your head, but it won't help.

"To decide whether a work of art is good or bad is a matter of developed taste."

Edward G. Robinson lights a fire under the "Daughters of the American Revolution"

ACTOR-COLLECTOR: Edward Robinson Acquires Six French Paintings New to America

Hollywood complains that it knows little about Edward G. Robinson, the man who put gangsters on the celluloid map. It knows less about his amazing collection of modern French and American paintings.

"I like pictures. I don't buy them to sell them, either at a profit or a loss, or to save me the trouble of banking my earnings," he said last week, on returning from a trip to Europe with nine magnificent examples of the best of the French school.

Tho many members of the cinema's upper-bracket income group, whose fortunes and fingers were burned in various financial investments, have turned to collecting paintings as a safer means of stabilizing their fortunes, Robinson gets a satisfaction that only a picture owner can know from the fact that six of these new acquisitions are in this country for the first time:

An early Renoir, (painted in 1902) "The Girl With the Golden Locks"; an early Corot, "L'Italienne"; Gaugin's "Fleurs de Tahiti"; Morisot's "Avant le Theatre"; Utrillo's "La Rue Saanois"; and a Pissaro, "Le Pont Neuf." He brought canvases by Daumier and Sickert, and one of Cezanne's most magnificent compositions.

These bring the actor's collection to a total of twenty-five important French moderns, exclusive of the best examples from the brushes of living American painters.

Beginnings—Robinson didn't stop at buying a first picture—he bought four. That was six years ago, the year after his successful beginning in screendom. His group purchase included a Degas, a Monet and two Pissaros. But his interest and love for pictures antedates that by many years. When he couldn't afford to buy good reproductions, at the beginning of his acting career, he had the best that could be obtained inexpensively. Then, as he became better known, and proportionately better paid, his reproductions improved.

At that time his taste veered centuries away from the modern. He liked and bought good prints of Holbein, Vermeer and almost all of the Dutch and Flemish school.

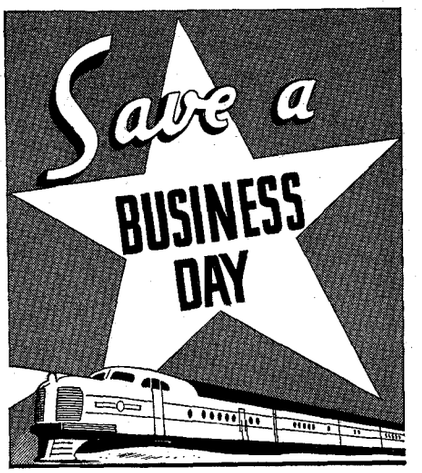
Robinson's first actual contact with American painters came some twelve years ago in the Woodstock, New York, art colony that has been the address of some of the best American painters. There, with Helen Hayes and Dudley Digges—then on the same rung of the fame ladder as Robinson—he started a theater and got to know the painters who made up the audiences.

Americans—Most prized among all the paintings—he insists there is no such thing as a favorite—is the American Grant Wood's caustic "Daughters of the American Revolution," which caused such a furor in patriotic societies after it was first exhibited. Robinson says it is a marvelous picture to live with.

"Those dry, worn-out faces cease to be funny after you get to know them. They grow pathetic, tragic; and you must feel sorry for them."

The star has never allowed any of his possessions to be shown, but this summer he will send the "Daughters" to Paris for the modern American show that will be held there. With them, as additional items of interest, will go the teacup, and a lace collar and brooch the most hatchet-faced subject in the painting wears. They were a present from the painter's wife to Mrs. Robinson.

Tho Robinson has by far the largest and most valuable collection there, he is not the only actor in Hollywood who has gone in for art. Katharine Hepburn owns a Thomas Benton, and a painting by John Steuart Curry. She bought one of Grant Wood's, but her director, George Cukor, craved it, so she presented it to him. Warner Oland for years has collected paintings, and Miriam Hopkins has joined the collectors' ranks with the purchase of a Matisse.



BETWEEN CHICAGO·DENVER

ON THE Streamliner CITY OF DENVER

UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND ROUTE

OVERNIGHT · EVERYNIGHT

You save time and have a choice of accommodations. Bedrooms, compartments, private sections, standard Pullman berths. Also modern coaches with restful deep-cushioned seats and dim blue night lights. Beautiful observation lounge. Ultra-modern dining car. Registered Nurse-Stewardess in attendance. And, air-conditioning throughout the train.

LOW WINTER FARES

$37.28 round trip in coaches between Chicago and Denver with 30-day return limit.

$41.25 round trip in Pullmans, berth extra. 30-day return limit.

SCHEDULE

6:20 pm Lv. Chicago Ar. 9:25 am
9:20 am Ar. Denver Lv. 4:45 pm

IN DAILY SERVICE
NO EXTRA FARE

Ask any Ticket Agent for full information, or write

W. S. BASINGER
Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 421, Union Pacific Bldg.
Omaha, Nebraska

THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EX-WHIST DEBUNKERS IN A SQUABBLE

Experts Blast at "Business," Contract Myths and Their Rivals

"Above the crash of cannons in Ethiopia, and louder even than the arguments of European peacemakers, is heard a faint, sweet note that promises a new era in a troubled world," said George H. Copeland last February in announcing the discovery of two couples who could play contract bridge together successfully, without wrangling.*

A lot of bridge has gone over the water—as well as the land—since then, according to the ancient wheeze. So much that F. Dudley Courtenay, introducing himself to January readers of *The American Mercury* as "President of a national bridge association in touch with every phase of contract activity," says the time has come to "explode untrue theories about the bridge business." With effort, he boils them down to six:

1. *Fiction*—that there are 15-20-30 million bridge players in the Republic. *Truth*—there are only four million (based on the number of cards sold yearly, divided by the average number of decks per family).

2. *Fiction*—that some professionals win $50,000-$100,000-$150,000 a year playing for stakes of $1 to $10 a point. *Truth*—the day's haul for top-ranking experts is $8 (if they play ten rubbers a day, netting 800 points).

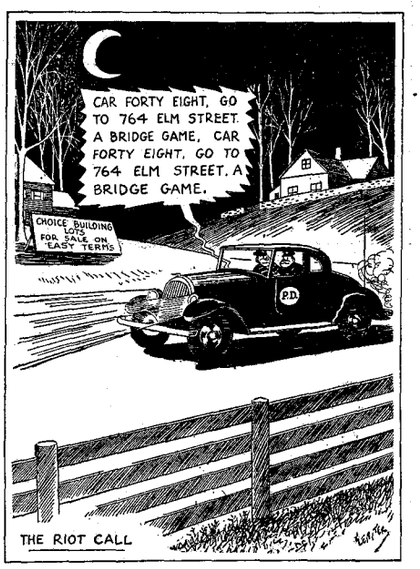
3. *Fiction*—that bridge authorities make millions teaching, writing, lecturing and answering foolish questions. *Truth*—the general earning capacity in this field is from $2,000 to $4,000 a year.

4. *Fiction*—that a "certain man" is the greatest player in the world. *Truth*—actually, no man has the right to say this, bridge being a strictly partnership game.

5. *Fiction*—that a bridge expert is "a suave, calculating genius whose ability far exceeds that of ordinary mortals. *Truth*—the average expert is "a perfectly normal human who usually has outside business interests."

6. *Fiction*—that one must master and use from one to twelve intricate bidding theories to play sound bridge. *Truth*—the smartest players in America play with an unwritten code; trick conventions are to bridge what gadgets are to a car, for bidding to-day is as standardized as an automobile.

Mr. Courtenay's personal definition of a bridge expert, doubtless thrown in to make sure some one would resent his article, is: "An unbalanced mentality superimposed on a misspent life."


CAR FORTY EIGHT, GO TO 764 ELM STREET. A BRIDGE GAME. CAR FORTY EIGHT, GO TO 764 ELM STREET. A BRIDGE GAME.
CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS
THE RIOT CALL

Webster in New York Herald Tribune

First resenter was the New York *Herald Tribune's* portly, handsome Robert Neville (The Bridge Table) who termed the author of "Debunking the Game of Bridge," naïve.

"Mr. Courtenay debunked himself," snorted Neville, "in giving his definitions of an expert." Mr. Neville's own definition of an expert is "one who, just to become an expert, must devote some eight or ten hours (daily) to studying the game."

Resenter No. 2, Alfred P. Sheinwold, Associate Editor of *Bridge World*, is a little more specific in his challenging of Courtenay's theories on "bridge business." He says that the definite number of bridge players is unknown, but that a conservative estimate would be ten million, based on the number of bridge books sold, the teachers employed, numbers of pupils, magazines, cards, duplicate sets, newspaper reader-interest.

Money—On the second point, Sheinwold says that if a player is an expert and plays constantly with continued success, he can make $6,000 a year, but that it would be difficult to do so consistently. Those who make more are in the business as well as the playing side of the game (books, lectures, etc.).

As evidence he submits the recognized Babe Ruth of Bridge, Ely Culbertson, whose income has been estimated at from $100,000 to $150,000 a year.

"Mr. Courtenay is wrong in his definition of a bridge expert, for 75 per cent. of the experts I know have I. Q.'s in the genius class, and therefore are more than perfectly normal men with outside business interests. I will be glad to issue a list and back it against any twelve Mr. Courtenay will name."

Less concerned about definitions than about the effect of bridge on the average American family, Dr. A. A. Brill, President of the New York Psychoanalytic Society, is convinced that the game has caused divorce in some families. "But not many," he adds, explaining that there were probably other factors at work. "Bridge is merely the outlet for feelings disturbed in some other way," he says.

Male Angle—"The husband must retain his sense of superiority," booms husband *Hal Sims*, "and certainly no smart woman would ever be dumb enough to let her husband know she knew she was smarter than he."

Culbertson is sure that bridge spats are O. K. "I am for more and bigger fights in married bridge," he goes on record to say, for "when a husband and wife are bitterly arguing at the card-table, in reality they are fighting, not over bridge, but over something else too delicate to be taken up in direct negotiations. Some day I am going to be a 'Poker Moses' and lead the millions of husbands now chained with gnashing teeth to the bridge-table, into the Promised Land of a game in which not only their wives learn nothing about their secret stupidity, but the husband will regain his immemorial right to lose his money without asking a special dispensation from his wife."

*Mr. and Mrs. Michael T. Gottlieb and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore A. Lightner.

Acme

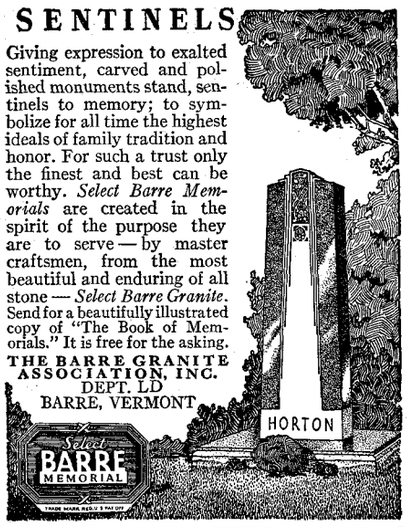
Lightner, Morehead, and Culbertson . . . suave, calculating geniuses or perfectly normal humans?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SENTINELS

Giving expression to exalted sentiment, carved and polished monuments stand, sentinels to memory; to symbolize for all time the highest ideals of family tradition and honor. For such a trust only the finest and best can be worthy. *Select Barre Memorials* are created in the spirit of the purpose they are to serve — by master craftsmen, from the most beautiful and enduring of all stone — *Select Barre Granite*. Send for a beautifully illustrated copy of "The Book of Memorials." It is free for the asking.

THE BARRE GRANITE ASSOCIATION, INC.
DEPT. LD
BARRE, VERMONT



"Bring in the Kingdom of God"

By Edward E. Hale

and other liberal religious literature sent upon request

M. F. DEWSON, Box 41-LD, Milton, Mass.

CANADIAN LANDS Seized and Sold for Taxes

$31 buys cottage lot
$58 buys 7 acres lake front
$76 buys 25 acres hunting camp
$85 buys 40 acres farm
$225 buys big lake frontage

Our 20th Annual List just issued in the form of a 20-page booklet describes the above and many other choice properties offered at Tax Sale Prices. The amount quoted is the full price asked, perfect title, no mortgage. Beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps where there is real sport; summer cottage sites; heavily wooded acreages. Now is the time to invest in CANADA'S minerals, forests and farms. Small monthly payments if desired. Don't delay, WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET with full explanation.

TAX SALE SERVICE ROOM 639, 72 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, CANADA

Make MONEY

WITH YOUR CAMERA . . . BIG DEMAND FOR PHOTOS

Sell by mail to magazines, newspapers, trade journals. We train you at home—show you how to take the kind of pictures that sell quick and bring biggest profits for your spare time or full time. No special camera or other equipment needed. FREE BOOK tells all about your opportunities in this fascinating field, gives full details of our proven method. Write today. UNIVERSAL PHOTOGRAPHERS, Studio 81, 10 W. 33rd St., New York City.

Who's Right?

Important opinions are being expressed for and against inflation, the Constitution, politics, government in business, the Supreme Court, labor, capital, etc.

Know ALL Sides!

Only The Literary Digest gives you ALL sides of important questions *plus* the news of the world.

EVERY Week!

Read The Literary Digest *every* week for information that will enable you to keep well informed and arrive at sound conclusions.

The Literary Digest

354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Send me The Literary Digest for 52 weeks and bill me for $4 (Foreign—$5.00; Canada—$4.00)

Name .....
L. D. 1-9-37

Address .....

City .....State.....

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

baccalaureate.—"D. L.," Myerston, Pa.—In theory, a *baccalaureate address, sermon, service,* or the like, is limited to the services attending graduation from a college or a university. But the term has been and is regularly applied to such services attending graduation from any institution of learning. The New Standard Dictionary and the Shorter Oxford Dictionary agree in such permissive use.

loyalty.—"C. H. L.," New York City.—With the meaning, "faithful adherence to one's honor, oath, word of honor, etc.," the word *loyalty* dates back to 1400, and has been used in this sense by Caxton (1477); Du Wes (1532); Shakespeare (1591); Chapman (1612); Dryden (1697); Goldsmith (1770); Emerson (1836), and R. S. Candlish (1871). With the meaning, "faithful adherence to the sovereign or lawful government"; also (in recent use), "enthusiastic reverence for the person and family of the sovereign," the word dates back to 1531 when it was used by Elyot, and also by Grafton (1566); Shakespeare (1605); J. Levett (1630); Barrow (1677); Cowper (1784); Sydney Smith (1807-08), and Green (1874).

prepare, make.—"J. L. W.," Waterloo, Ia.—*Prepare,* from the Latin *praeparo,* is "to get beforehand" or "take steps for the purpose of providing." *Make,* from the Anglo-Saxon *macian,* is "to put together with art." In English, one *prepares* a dinner, but does not *make* it. One *makes* tea, that is, prepares the infusion, but *prepares* dinner, that is, "brings it into a state of readiness," or in other words, gets it ready by taking necessary measures for it.

Shakespeare.—"J. H.," Medford, Mass.—The name of *William Shakespeare* has been variously spelled *Shakespere, Shakspeare, Shakspere* by the different printers and publishers of his plays; but, in his dedications of "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," he himself spelled it *Shakespeare.* The form *Shakspere* has been in use since the publication of the First Folio Edition of his works. Dowden, Furnivall, and Delius all use that form. But Wise wrote, "The Autograph of William Shakespeare . . . together with 4,000 ways of spelling the name."

"wailing place," the.—"E. C.," New York City.—The "wailing place," also termed occasionally the "wailing wall," specifically the *Jews' Wailing Place,* is the usual designation of part of the Solomonic wall in Jerusalem where the Jews assemble to lament the destruction of the Temple. *The Quarterly Review* (London) for April, 1919, contained: "To the Jews the principal Holy Place is the Wailing Wall, the fragment of the Wall of the Temple at which the Jews perpetually mourn for their lost glories, and pray for the restoration of them."

COUNT YOUR DOLLARS in YEN to prove you can afford JAPAN

When Japanese "magic" changes your dollars into yen . . . it changes your whole conception of Japan as a forbidden travel luxury! Everything favors your visit this year: the *exchange,* giving you more money to spend . . . the *steamship fares,* lowest in the world considering the service and the distance traveled . . . the *season,* delightful always but loveliest in Spring and Summer, when the Empire is showered with blossoms and aglow with the paper lanterns and bright banners of picturesque festivals.

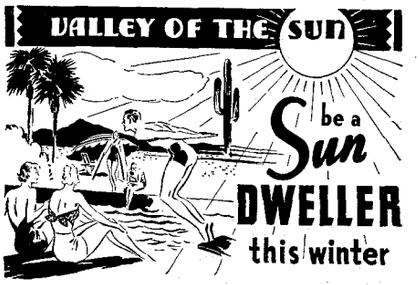
Japan, too, has broad boulevards for her taxis and 'rickshas . . . smart hotels and inns . . . every Western innovation from stagecraft to baseball! You'll be pleasurably entertained, comfortably "at home," in this amazing land.

● *Consult your travel agent for information and literature, or address Japan Tourist Bureau, 551 Fifth Ave., New York City, or 1151 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.*

STOP.....IRRITATION with Cuticura Soap and Ointment

SAMPLE EACH FREE—CUTICURA, DEPT. R5, MALDEN, MASS.

VALLEY OF THE SUN



be a Sun DWELLER this winter

● Winter holds no sway here, for this is the warm, dry, happy realm of King Sunshine. Be one of his joyous subjects in this fascinating land. Spend every day outdoors, riding, golfing, hiking, or basking in the shade of exotic palms. Drink orange juice from fruit grown in your own yard. Revel in the beauty of vast, untracked desert and intriguing mountains and canyons. Phoenix, and nearby Chandler, Mesa, Tempe, Glendale, Buckeye or Wickenburg, offer smart shops, fine schools and metropolitan accommodations!

Winter rates now effective on Rock Island—Southern Pacific and Santa Fe Lines.

Phoenix CHAMBER of COMMERCE 410 F Calle del Sol

Please send me attractive free literature and booklets

Name _____

Address _____

ARIZONA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAKE ANGUISH COLLECTS REAL CASH

Restaurants Find More Rats Among Diners Than in the Pies

The restaurant was softly lighted, the service smoothly efficient. Well-cooked food, consumed to the pleasant drone of modulated voices, made for satisfied diners, steady customers. From his stance beside the head waiter near the entrance, the manager beamed.

The genteel atmosphere was broken, strangely enough, by the meek little man who had just sat down to dine alone at the corner table.

"Waiter!" he exclaimed, rising from his chair. "What's this?"

Not one but two waiters rushed to his side. The manager and his companion were not far behind. Diners, slightly irritated, turned to look.

The meek-looking man fished in his soup, said in a voice that seemed quiet only because of his horror: "It's—it's a mouse! Dead!"

The waiters crowded closer, desperately trying to cut off the view of the other diners. The manager saw that the man indeed had a mouse by the tail, dripping with creamy mushroom soup.

"Remove it immediately!" the little man demanded in a loud voice, then made as if to push toward the door. "I won't —I can't—"

The manager cut in hurriedly: "If you will come to my office—"

More Rodents—Last week, any week, this unfortunate little scene took place in some top-notch restaurant in one of the larger cities in the United States. A racket extending from coast to coast pays the chief actors who prey on the better eating-houses an average of $10 to $15 a mouse, louse or tack. Aided by distraught managers, eager to quiet the commotion for fear of its effect on other patrons, these petty racketeers get quick settlement, dash away to the next victim.

They take a large slice of the $15,000,000 annually paid out in fraudulent accident claims. Their victims, for fear of adverse publicity, seldom press charges against them, check off the loss to "nuisance," or take out heavy insurance to cover it. Because of the smallness of their demands, the racketeers have been getting away with it.

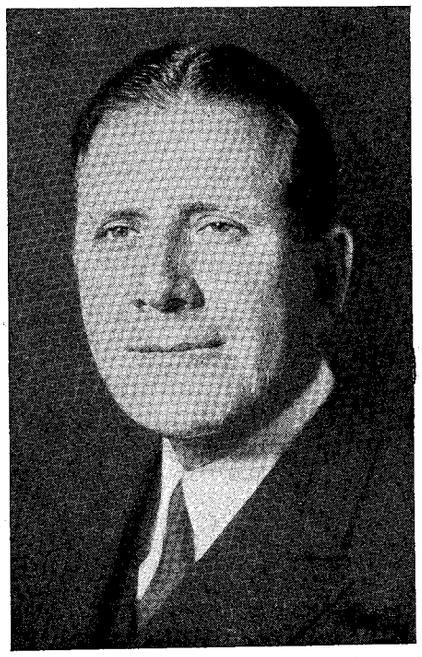
Lately, however, an array of detectives, crime-indexing and interrestaurant communications threatens to put *Mickey Mouse* back where he belongs—on the screen. Alarmed by the rapidly expanding claims that are turning the American courts into a giant racket pay-off instrument, the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters set up in 1929 an indexing system, designed to catch fake claimants of all sorts.

Network—Servicing 148 organizations, the main group maintains eleven Bureaus in key cities and helps smaller local Bureaus to follow its own system of cross-referencing which tells immediately whether a claim filed is likely to be a fake. It has been dubbed "the Scotland Yard of the Claims Racket."

Fighting the reluctance of restaurant and hotel men to prosecute or even admit claims against them, no matter how fraudulent, the Bureau, headed by William P. Cavanaugh, is gradually persuading them to hold up settlement until the insurance company, or its own agents, thoroughly investigate each claim. Arrests are climbing out of the rarity class.

The National Restaurant Association, worried by increasing numbers of food blackmailers, is also urging full investigation and prosecution of offenders.

Precaution—To protect themselves, restaurants daily caution employees about sanitation, hold up horrible examples each time a "foreign substance claim," as it's known in the trade, is brought, install elaborate devices to keep food uncontaminated. One large chain (chains are most frequently victimized because of the publicity value of their good name) has installed large troughs, equipped with electric magnets, through which all berries



W. P. Cavanaugh points finger at fakes

are passed for removal of metallic substances—this in addition to careful inspection by girl employees. Others use blowers, special boards to sift out small stones, and fine nets. Metallic objects, such as tacks and pieces of glass, are favorite working-implements of the food blackmailers, who allege they've become embedded in their jaws or have cut their mouths. One Boris K—— made a tidy sum by repeated declarations in town after town that he had swallowed a tack!

Screaming, he would call the manager, attract other diners' attention, demand X-raying of his insides, where the tack was invariably found nestling in his stomach. His downfall came when a victimized member of the Index Bureau called in its investigators. They found that Boris did have a tack in his stomach, but that it was harmlessly held there by a growth of skin. An operation removed it; the man was sentenced to prison.

Accidents—Because it is impossible to maintain a 100 per cent. record for keeping out foreign substances, restaurant managers get a bad case of the jitters every time a claimant yowls, fearing it might be their fault, thus pay small sums quickly. Worms do get in spinach and other leafy vegetables; so do bugs. Pebbles sometimes slip into dried beans and peas despite the finest precautions; weevils creep into packaged flour. The racketeers, however, raise the average.

Of the thousands of claims filed yearly, the National Restaurant Association estimates that from 25 to 50 per cent. are out-and-out fakes, that 50 per cent. of the claimants greatly exaggerate minor injuries or physical discomforts after discussion with friends or lawyers, that probably not more than 10 per cent. of all claimants suffered injury in any way commensurate with the amount claimed.

One large chain reports about two claims annually for each restaurant, only about 10 per cent. of which actually reach the courts, where verdicts for claimants are rare. About 65 per cent. are settled for small amounts ($10 to $50) for their "nuisance value"; 25 per cent. are dropped when fraud is revealed.

Double Tooth—A nationally known restaurant chain, self-insured, refers most cases to salaried physicians and dentists. "You never can tell by their looks," mourned the head of the Claims Department. He referred to a motherly woman, stout, gray-haired, who had excitedly told of breaking a front tooth on a pebble in beans.

She wanted payment immediately (they all do) to have a dentist fix her up with a porcelain casing, as she was catching a train that afternoon to visit her dying sister in Denver. "She looked like the kind of woman who would have a dying sister in Denver," explained the manager.

The tooth was broken all right.

As a matter of routine, the manager called the company's dentist to make an examination. Hearing the woman's name, the dentist exclaimed: "Why, I examined that woman yesterday for Y———!" naming another large chain. Apparently unruffled when she received the dentist's name and address, the woman went away, was cagy enough not to collect the check which would have brought a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses against her. She knew her law.

Weather Trouble—Altho there's no explanation for it, most foreign-substance claims appear during the summer months. They happen most often east of the Mississippi.

Tho the blackmailers run the gamut of human imagination and ingenuity in planting objects in their food, inside them, in simulating spells of nausea, fainting and shock, in histrionics of mental anguish, disgust and indignation, they can't seem to leave the overworked mouse story alone.

Last year saw a regular epidemic of mice in chicken and beef pot-pies in a chain of restaurants in New York. Pieces of mouse would appear in widely separated branches all over the city. Finally, one of the racketeers went a little too far. In a down-town restaurant, he collected $40 for half a mouse, tried to do the same thing in the Bronx. But the Bronx manager had learned what had happened down-town. The two managers got together, discovered that the two halves belonged to the same mouse. That was all they wanted to know.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parade

"Cave Men" are still preferred in the American home, according to **W. P. Meroney** of Baylor University. An academic interpretation of these views was given by the savant at the American Sociological Association's thirty-first annual convention.

"Superordination of the husband and subordination of the wife appear still to be the accepted status of most marriages and what the majority of women still want and expect," he declared.

* * *

Hearing that the most valuable oil-fields in America are a few hundred yards out under the Pacific, **Margaret Sinclair,** British actress, went to see what she could do about it. For the occasion she wore a "Pagoda" model, created by Elvy Kalep, Estonian aviatress turned designer. The costume was made of woven wood.

* * *

Spoons and forks were banished from the spaghetti scene by **Jimmy D'Auria,** twenty-one, winner of the spaghetti-eating contest in Buffalo, New York. He inhaled his share of approximately 4,000 yards of the cord-like paste in one minute and fifteen seconds. "By using the inhalation method," the champ declared, "the spaghetti moves from plate to mouth without interruption. Besides, there is practically no wear and tear on the teeth."

* * *

"We have a wonderful language," commented **Sen. Henry Fountain Ashhurst** of Arizona, "but it is becoming unwieldy. It would be a good thing to call a conference of authorities and abolish some of our verbal corpses. . . . Every hundred words spoken by an educated American fall into four general classifications: sixty, Anglo-Saxon; thirty, Latin; five, Greek; five, other languages." Senator Ashhurst particularly dislikes the words "very" and "quite."

* * *

Mistaking a fire-alarm-box for a post-box, **Mabel Mather,** middle-aged English children's nurse, caused some commotion in Forest Hills, New York. In court she declared that in England mail-boxes are painted red, police-boxes green. She was let off with a suspended sentence after her employer spoke for her good character.

* * *

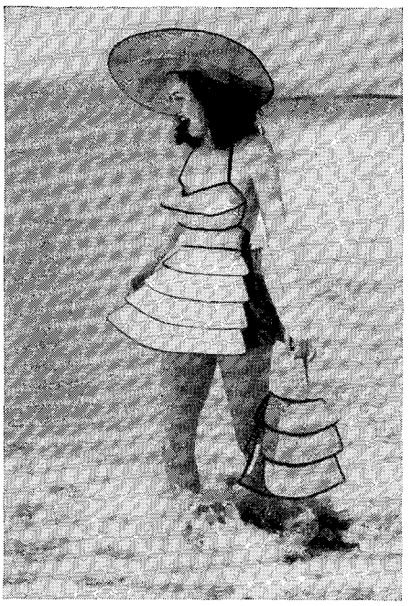
"The way the election was received," opined **Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase,** "was very encouraging. So long as we can joke about our institutions, we are safe. The extremist has no place in American life. How did we find that out? By giving them opportunity for speech and free discussion; they went on until people got tired of them."

* * *

Tho there's still some doubt in skeptical circles, it is said Hollywood ingenues want to keep fit. Ex-heavy-weight champion Jim Jeffries is doing his share in the matter by teaching starlets to box. **Jean Rogers** of Universal is one of his best-posed models.

* * *

Speaking of the recent English headlines, **George Slocombe,** British author and correspondent, had the following to say: "It is interesting to remember that Stanley Baldwin has written the Queen into the British Constitution. The Queen never had



Acme

Margaret Sinclair in woven wood Pagoda

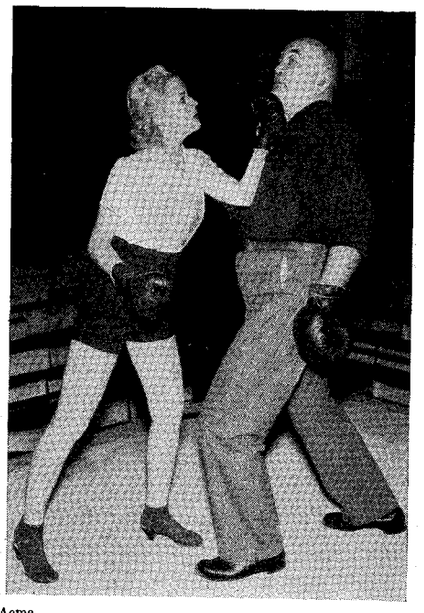
any constitutional status before, and legally the King could marry whom he chose and crown his own Queen. Baldwin has established the precedent that the person selected to be Queen must have the approval of the people, through their Government."

* * *

No American, commented **Lord Marley,** Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, quite understands the real reason why Germany is giving tacit support to the Spanish Rebels. This he deduced from his impression that Americans have very little judgment on the relative importance of foreign news. In his opinion, President Roosevelt's visit to South America was a warning to fascism that it must not proceed further on the South American continent.

* * *

"From the artistic standpoint, the funnies are stereotyped and trite, for the same general type of compositions are used year in and year out, with only the subject-matter changing," reports **Clara MacGowan,** Assistant Professor of Art at Northwestern University. She believes that whereas the comic strips may seem harmless, they really tend to ruin the artistic taste of children.



Acme

Jean Rogers's uppercut stuns Jim Jeffries

* * *

Under a bright sun, with temperature at 82 degrees and 3,000 Cubans cheering on the side-lines, **Jesse Owens** made his début as a professional sprinter. First chore was outrunning a horse, a five-year-old gelding, in a hundred-yard dash. The "Ebony Antelope" from Ohio State University received a forty-yard handicap, covered the course in 9.9 seconds. His winning margin was variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty yards.

* * *

Balletgoers will get a chance to try their luck at poker next spring when **Igor Stravinsky's** new ballet "Card Game in Three Deals" is presented at the Metropolitan Opera House by the American Ballet corps. The Russian composer recently arrived in this country, will conduct several orchestras, appear as soloist, return to France in the spring many thousand dollars wealthier.

* * *

"Engaged?" queried **Francis Lederer,** motion-picture actor, "Will you please tell me just exactly what is that? I've heard so much about engagements." The Czechoslovakian performer wanted to know why American newspaper men insisted he and Margo, actress, were engaged, when all they did was to be photographed together constantly.

* * *

"I know," declared **Klaus Mann,** son of Thomas Mann, German novelist, "there is important opposition to Hitler in Germany in large numbers. My friends in Germany are afraid to write, but people come from Germany and tell me. Large numbers of conservative people and workers, men in the universities and students who were pro-Nazi not so long ago, and even 'Hitler Youth' groups, are sick and tired of Hitler."

* * *

Convinced that the modern girl is "overcivilized," travels too much and eats hasty and inadequate lunches, **Dr. William J. Fordrung** of Hunter College urged more athletics as an ideal panacea. "The modern metropolitan college student must have an adequate program of outdoor and indoor play to counteract the effects of city life. It is especially important for women who must maintain a good physical condition so that they may approximate the sturdy, healthy mothers of a generation ago."

* * *

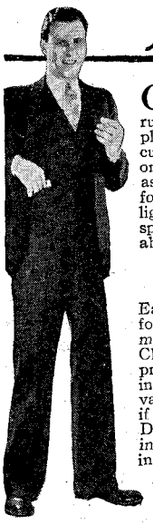
"Criticism of my work seems to run in cycles," exclaimed **Mrs. Edith Wharton,** American novelist, in the first interview she has ever granted. "When a critic thinks up a good label for me, it lasts about ten years. . . . I was once called, you know, a 'revolutionary writer.' Critics then talked about my 'audacious treatment of unpleasant themes.'"

* * *

According to **Miss Aimee Whitman,** Tulsa, Oklahoma, dance-instructor, people who hold their chins wrong, can not dance. "Some girls are naturals, born with a sense of rhythm," she asserted. "Others acquire it"—"it" being the peculiar knack of knowing when to sway, dip or vibrate in time with a drum, a piano or a completely whipped bull fiddle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Improved Support for Hernia



ONE of the safest and most comfortable supports for reducible rupture is the improved Brooks Appliance with its soft, automatic air-cushion. Many thousands have been ordered by physicians for patients as well as for personal use. Made for men, women and children, it is light, neat-fitting, and without springs or hard pads. Being washable, it can be kept sanitary.

STOP YOUR RUPTURE WORRIES!

Each Appliance is made especially for the individual case from information easily filled in on our Fitting Chart. The Brooks Appliance is low-priced and **sent on trial** with simple instructions for adjusting in the privacy of your home. It can be returned if the user is not entirely satisfied. Don't neglect rupture. Never sold in stores, so write us, direct, for full information and our liberal trial offer which will be sent in a plain envelope. All correspondence confidential.

BROOKS COMPANY, 358 State St., Marshall, Mich.
Since 1897 Specialists in the Manufacture and Fitting of Appliances for all forms of Reducible Hernia.

GOD AND REASON

Must we sacrifice reason to believe in God?...By what conceivable reason can we call God good?... Is present world distress the beginning of "Doom's Day"?...Is Armageddon near?...Has Christianity failed?...What is Hell, Heaven, Paradise?...Where are the dead? ...Is the Millennium near?

?

These and many like questions are given hope-inspiring answers in the 128-page, cloth bound book, "GOD and REASON,"—already widely circulated in entire English-speaking world. Foreign translations being made. A READER WRITES: *"It took the sting out of death and much of the misery out of the depression."* 50c postpaid. ORDER NOW.

FOR CHRISTIANS, JEWS AND SKEPTICS
DAWN PUBLISHERS, Inc. 136 Fulton St. Brooklyn, N.Y.

Fashion Careers: American Style

By CATHERINE OGLESBY

Ideal for the young woman who wants to enter this newest and most profitable field of endeavor, and for women already engaged in some branch of the fashion business, seeking the surest and quickest means of advancement in responsibility and salary. Intensely practical.

Profitable

"Fashion is a fertile field for women today both as to the number of opportunities in it and the compensation paid."—*Grace Cornell*, Authority on Industrial Design, and Lecturer on Color at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Price, $2.00; by mail, $2.14.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE BABY AND GROWING CHILD

By LOUIS FISCHER, M.D.

In this completely up-to-date book by a famous baby specialist, will be found not only a daily guide for the feeding and health-care of the child, but practical answers to many questions that may arise when the doctor is not at hand.

"A book a mother can ill afford to do without,"—says *The Express*, Portland, Maine. And the *Boston Globe* calls it "an excellent handbook for young mothers."

Cloth, $1.50; $1.64, post-paid.

At all Bookstores, or from the Publishers

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Sports

FOOTBALL'S PERENNIAL CONTROVERSY

Professionalism Draws Fire and Plans at Annual Meetings

A hardy conversational perennial that regularly reaches full bloom in midwinter, and usually has withered with neglect by autumn, college football professionalism has, in recent years, evoked only tepid interest from American sports fans.

By last week, tho, 1936 had definitely yielded the huskiest bumper crop of accusations, denials and compromises since the Carnegie Foundation's devastating Bulletin Twenty-three in 1929 scorched the collegiate football world.

A year whose most significant athletic trend was "bigger crowds and gate-receipts in all sports," 1936's second most important development, according to the Associated Press poll of experts, was a "more honest and open handling of college football subsidies."

New Attack—Since last winter, when the Southeastern Conference officially approved recognition of athletic ability in awarding financial aid to students, and the Southern Conference purportedly outlawed any such thing by adopting the Graham Plan, the handling of subsidization has, conversationally, followed a routine schedule. Dormant all summer, only fitfully evident during the regular football season, it burst into prominence again late in November.

Declaring the college athletic situation is "more reprehensible than ever before," Frank A. Vanderlip, a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation, revealed that the Executive Committee had been requested by the National Association of State Universities to make another survey of conditions. The previous report, in 1929, charged that about one in seven athletes in 130 colleges was subsidized.

Two weeks later Dr. Livingston Farrand, retiring next June as President of Cornell University, publicly deplored a "spirit of professionalism" which he said is insidiously creeping into intercollegiate football from coast to coast.

Suggestion—Conscious that professionalism has soared to new altitudes on the wings of an athletic boom, college authorities are far more interested in what to do about it than in surveys or slashing indictments of the situation. Obviously one solution is outright awarding of financial assistance to athletes.

Two days after Doctor Farrand's speech, faculty representatives of the Western Conference listened to a proposal for modified subsidization of athletes.

Suggested by Prof. Robert L. Reynolds, thirty-five-year-old teacher of history at the University of Wisconsin, the "Reynolds plan" proposed a free six-weeks' summer school course of academic work and sports for Wisconsin prep school graduates of high scholastic and athletic attainments.

For sufficiently high summer-school grades in classes and athletics, the boys would receive $400-a-year scholarships to the University of Wisconsin. To stay on the scholarship list all through college they would have to maintain specified classroom averages the first two years. They would not be required to take part in athletics until junior year.

Turning down the plan as a violation of a rule forbidding any member university to subsidize athletes, the Western Conference added one more football restriction by prohibiting freshman practise prior to the regular registration date.

Just how much rules and restrictions help clear up an admittedly bad condition is questionable. Dick Hanley, former coach at another Western Conference school, Northwestern, thinks they produce deceit and hypocrisy.

Pointing out that "the football players of the Western Conference alone made more than $2,000,000 for their universities, thus supporting all intramural sports and many varsity games," Hanley feels they are entitled to free tuition, board and fees. But no money.

Colleges should let it be known that they are paying the expenses of football players, and should avoid scheduling games with any other institutions whose athletes receive money in any form, either as a wage or through alleged jobs.

"Then," he says, "you would have a clean-cut, a clear and decent situation. And not until then."

Predictions—Lashing out savagely at all such proposals, Maj. John L. Griffith, Western Conference Athletic Commissioner and President of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, predicted that college sports would be wiped out if subsidization ever became a recognized part of athletic programs.

Students and alumni would lose interest in a team of mercenaries, he said. And colleges would realize it is not in keeping with educational policies "to maintain stables of paid gladiators."

In the pre-Christmas furor of conflicting opinions and noisy speechmaking, no remarks on the situation carried more weight than those of Dr. Lotus D. Coffman, President of the University of Minnesota, the strongest football power-house in the country.

In his biennial report to the people of the State and the Board of Regents, Doctor Coffman charged that college athletics are "in danger of being professionalized, of being overcommercialized and of being destroyed by the betting public and the pool-room houses."

Prestige—Coming from the head of a university whose football teams have lost only one game since 1933 and have consistently drawn huge crowds for years, probably the most striking statement in Doctor Coffman's report concerns the value of sports prestige to the colleges.

"Certain claims are set up by the friends of American sports," he points out. "One is that they increase attendance at universities that have successful teams; another is that they increase the revenues of these institutions, and a third is that they help to improve the educational work of such institutions.

"Not a single one of these claims is true."

To avert the possibilities of eventual destruction of college athletics, Dr. Coffman proposes a seven-point plan: no professionalism, high scholastic standards for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

athletes; games between natural rivals; reduction of athletic gate-receipts; reduction of athletic expenses; support of athletics by endowment funds, and free admission for students to "many, if not all" games.

Weakness—The weakness of most idealistic plans for cleaning up sports, particularly those in the various Conferences, is the inability or the unwillingness of member colleges to cooperate.

Almost from the day, a year ago, when the Southern Conference adopted the Graham Plan to outlaw the professional college athlete, disagreement and disapproval of various rules kept the organization in semiconstant ferment. Meeting in Richmond, Virginia, last month, convention delegates reduced the potency of the original plan in acknowledgment that it could not be enforced.

Stunned, they heard a formal announcement that the University of Virginia, a member for fifteen years, had resigned from the Conference because it found "the present situation . . . intolerable" and productive of "suspicion, distrust and mutual recriminations."

With the controversy over college sports already piping hot, delegates to the National Collegiate Athletic Association and American Football Coaches Association conventions held concurrently in New York City last week were not surprized at a flood of oratory on the subject during the two-day session.

Discussion—In the N.C.A.A.'s opening round-table discussion the first day, Dr. J. N. Nichols, Director of Athletics at Oberlin College, and Dr. William L. Hughes, Associate Professor of Physical Education at Teachers College, Columbia, frankly conceded that college football players are largely subsidized, and proceeded to offer vastly divergent suggestions.

For small colleges, Doctor Nichols proposed a nine-point program which would eliminate gate-receipts and finance athletics in the same way that other college activities are financed; abolish leagues and conferences; limit rivalries to schools of the same size; put athletic coaches on a full-time, faculty basis, and simplify eligibility rules.

To Doctor Hughes the alternatives to the panacea of eliminating gate-receipts are continuing the present system and trying to keep it from getting any worse, or turning honestly professional.

The original distinction between amateur and professional, he said, no longer exists. The only distinction should be made on the basis of performance, with the amateur considered a novice and the professional an expert.

"In short," he concluded, "what is the difference between payment or non-payment of a college athlete so long as he keeps his scholastic work up to the proper standard and conducts himself like a gentleman?"

Facts Known—Key-noting the N.C.A.A.'s second day of speechmaking, President Griffith admitted there was no need for another Carnegie Foundation investigation for the simple reason that colleges in a given district know perfectly well which ones of their members use ringers and paid athletes.

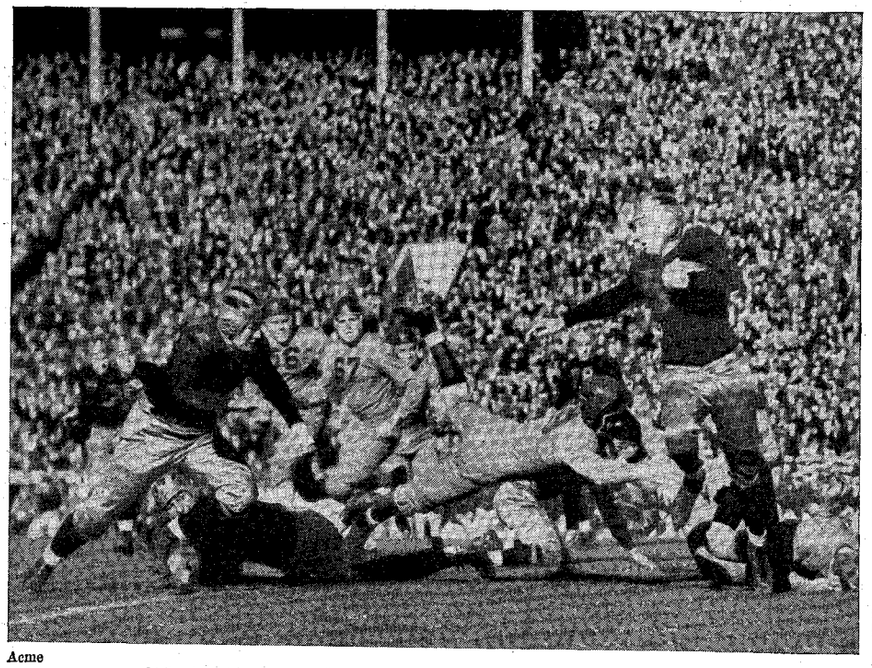
Continuing his denunciation of last December against open subsidies as a way of eliminating hypocrisy, Griffith raised the point that, if a college conference legitimized a flat salary for athletes, there would still be no reason to believe some one now and then wouldn't raise the ante.

The apathy of college presidents and trustees is the direct cause of intercollegiate football evils, said the day's principal speaker, Ralph C. Hutchison, President of Washington and Jefferson College.

"The evils of football will not be corrected," he thinks, "as long as athletic associations and directors and coaches are left to do the job. They can not do it. Subsidization is a small problem which will be cleaned up overnight when and if the college presidents and trustees and faculties sense the importance of football."

Doubt—Whether anything conclusive will develop from the perennial off-season blasts and recommendations is doubtful. More and more, college authorities are acknowledging that measures must be taken on the spot and at the time.

"One of these days," writes Joe Williams, New York *World-Telegram* Sports Editor, "a college professor will get up



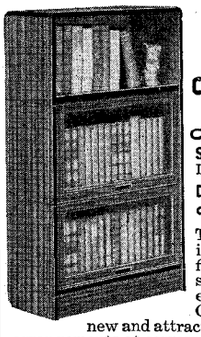
Acme

Winning teams . . . don't increase college revenues or attendance

MODERN BOOKCASES for the MODEST BUDGET—only $11.75 FOR A COMPLETE 3 SECTION Lundstrom SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

It Grows with Your Library

DIRECT from FACTORY on 30 DAY APPROVAL



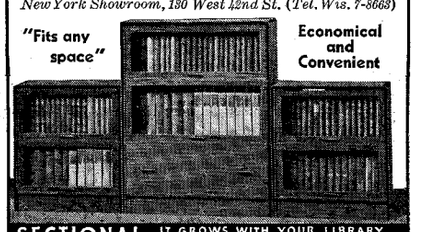
The New "Modern American" design. Beautifully finished in light walnut shade with ebonized edges. Write for free Catalog No. L127 showing new and attractive designs, finishes and arrangements at correspondingly LOW PRICES.

The C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y.

Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases since 1899

New York Showroom, 130 West 42nd St. (Tel. Wis. 7-8668)

"Fits any space" Economical and Convenient



SECTIONAL IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY ALWAYS COMPLETE—YET NEVER FINISHED

LEARN Electricity IN YOUR HOME by Practical Shop Training! NEW EASY WAY TO BETTER JOBS—GOOD PAY! We furnish dozens of items of Electrical Equipment to train you by practical shop methods doing actual jobs right in your home. Write for Free Book and full details.

ELECTRIC INSTITUTE, Inc., Dept. 447A, Hinsdale, Ill.

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for entrance to college. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. *Single subjects if desired.* Free Bulletin on request.

American School, Dpt. H125, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

ACCOUNTING *the profession that pays*

this book free!

Accountants command big income! Thousands needed. About 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many earn $3,000 to $20,000. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is personally given by staff of experienced C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write now for valuable 64-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," free.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The school that has trained over 1,350 C.P.A.'s

Dept. 152-H Chicago

A Working Grammar of the English Language

by James C. Fernald, L. H. D. English grammar presented so concisely, simply, accessibly, that it is of constant value to every one who needs practical information. Cloth, $2.00; by mail, $2.14.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., 354 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

AMERICA OKs MIDWEST FOR 1937!

HALF the Cost (FACTORY-TO-YOU) SAVES 50%

TWICE the Performance (14 TUBES FOR THE PRICE OF 8)

$39.95 Write today for FREE 40-page catalog describing this bigger, better, more powerful, 14-tube world-wide radio. Over 40 advanced features. Glorious tone realism. Easy terms—10c a day. Money-back guarantee.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION

DEPT. G-86 CINCINNATI, OHIO

Send me your new FREE 40-page catalog.

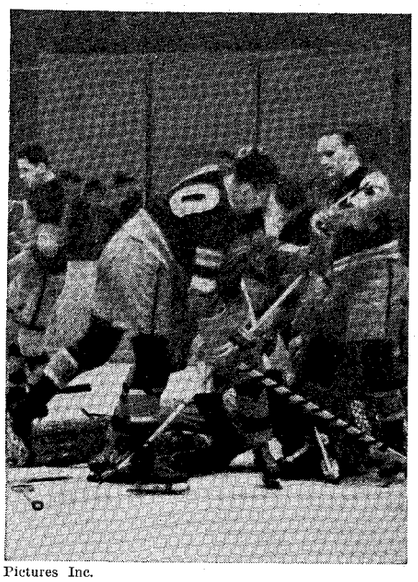
Name.....

Address.....

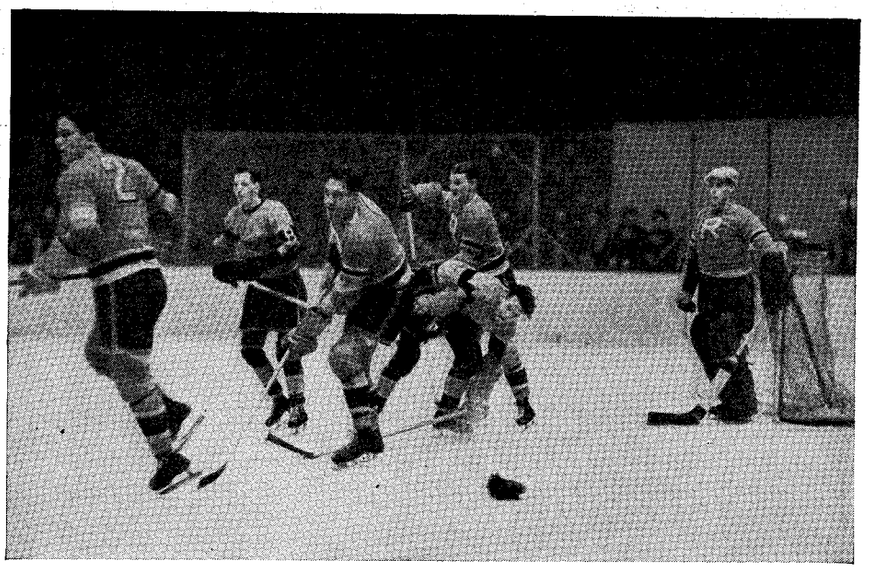
Town..... State.....

User-Agents Make Easy Extra Money. Check Here ☐ for details.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pictures Inc.



© International

A goal for the varsity Rangers . . . is a prep school Rover's goal

on his hind legs in the middle of a football season, even while the cash customers are still filing through the turnstiles, and start blasting—and that will be news.

"It will also be the end of the college professor.

"These academic gentlemen, mystic and poetic by nature and environment, somehow manage to be very practical at the same time. They wait until the gate-receipts are counted before they start putting the sport in the grease."

CUTTING ICE: Hockey Players Skate Fiercely, Thrill Crowds and Live Long

With flailing sticks and fists, the muscle-padded gentlemen who have made ice hockey a number one spectator-rouser were well along last week with demonstrations that their rough-and-tumble sport has lost little of its free-for-all appeal.

As if answering the charge that hockey is softening up, the New York Rangers and Americans last week delighted more than 15,000 customers in Madison Square Garden with an old-fashioned fracas that sent policemen and detectives skidding gingerly out on the ice, benched two players with major penalties, four with misconduct charges, and banished still another for the evening.

Never a game for the undernourished or timid, big league hockey requires far more than mere speed or skating skill. Primarily, it takes brawn and a Spartan scorn for bruises, cuts and broken bones.

Perennials—The most amazing aspect of the bruising game is that, year after year, the same players reappear, throwing their weight into *mêlées* for ten or fifteen seasons with apparently no diminution of ability or enthusiasm.

Ivan (Ching) Johnson, bald-headed, thirty-nine-year-old defense man of the New York Rangers, has been playing hockey for eighteen years. He got into the game by accident in 1918 when a brother, Ade, goalie on the Winnipeg Monarchs, was injured, and they needed someone to take his place. Ching wasn't very good, then, but he did all right and has been playing ever since. For the past ten years he has consistently been rated one of the best, and toughest, defense men in the game.

In pursuing his profession of stopping 190-pound marauders, Ching has probably acquired as many injuries as any man in hockey. He has played games with a broken wrist, a fractured jaw, a splintered shin bone, and a blood-poisoned leg.

When he broke his jaw, in two places, he didn't know it until he was on his way home. He noticed some of his teeth were falling out.

"Suddenly I realized my chin was loose," he says. "It was slipping down inside my collar."

School of Ice—Almost as hard as the game itself is the business of breaking into major league hockey. Thus far, hockey has only one really well-knit organization for training and building up amateur players comparable to big league baseball.

Most clubs have agreements with amateur teams to send along any outstanding players. The Toronto Maple Leafs, for instance, have virtually the whole Province of Ontario for their "pickings." Les Canadiens, under the same gentlemen's understanding, have first choice of French-Canadian stars developed in the Province of Quebec. About 99 per cent. of the men in major hockey are Canadians or learned the game there.

The New York Rangers is the only club operating a real farm system. It started three years ago, and will probably be adopted some day by all the other teams.

Go North—Two or three weeks before the season opens, Lester Patrick, the Rangers' fifty-three-year-old, silver-haired manager, takes his squad to Winnipeg, Canada, for "spring training." At the same time he conducts a school for boys who think they have a chance to make the grade.

If they show promise, Patrick takes them to New York and puts them on the Rovers, the Rangers' amateur farm club. The boys get a liberal expense account, and learn to play in fast competition.

Success on the Rovers earns promotion to the Philadelphia Ramblers, a professional club. The going is much tougher there. And the boys pick up finesse while awaiting a chance to fill a vacancy on the Rangers, worth anywhere from $3,000 to $7,000 a year.

Three years ago, Patrick brought down six amateur players, three of whom he knew were outstanding. They made good on the Ramblers last year. This season they form the "kid line" of the Rangers.

Mac Colville, the youngest, is twenty and one of the smallest men ever to play on the Rangers. He is five feet five and only weighs 160 pounds. His brother, Neil, almost gray-haired at twenty-two, is the "bad boy" of the trio. He's already had one major (five-minute) and one misconduct (ten-minute) penalty.

Alex Shibicky, twenty-two, whose favorite extracurricular diversion is driving automobiles, is the third member of Patrick's famed "kid line."

The originator of the school system, who swears he would be a criminal lawyer or a brain specialist if he could start all over again, has been in hockey for thirty-five years.

Scorer—As a youngster on the Brandon, Manitoba, team, he played defense in one game and startled every one by dashing down ice on a solo trip that wound up in a goal. Defense men weren't supposed to leave their position. It's a regular part of the game now.

So are alternate forward lines, another Patrick invention. And placing defense men side by side.

Patrick has been leading the Rangers ever since 1926. Two years after he took over he was responsible for a dramatic incident.

No one gave the Rangers much of a chance to win the title in 1928. Playing at Montreal, their hopes became almost nil when Lorne Chabot, goalie, was struck over the eye and rushed to the hospital. The Rangers had no one else on the squad with the faintest idea of how to work the goal.

Solution—For half an hour, the game was delayed while the Rangers, heavy with gloom, sat in the dressing-room. Finally, to relieve the tension, Frank Boucher turned to the gray-haired manager and said; jestingly:

"Well, Lester, it looks as if you will have to go in the nets."

Patrick's keen sense of humor deserted him for once.

Wearing Chabot's jersey and pads, the forty-five-year-old team manager, who hadn't played real hockey for four years and had never been in the goal, skated out on the ice amid a thunder of applause and carried his team through to victory.

Another player, Joe Miller, finished the series as goalie, but Patrick's inspiration had so fired the team that it won the Stanley Cup, emblematic of the world's championship.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALES MESSAGES WRITTEN IN THE SKY

Skywriting Corp. Develops Cloud-Writing for Night Display

Smoky letters spun by a darting air-plane drift slowly across the azure sky by day; by night, promotion messages from a gigantic magic lantern reflect from a low-lying cloud. The Skywriting Corporation of America promises bigger and better advertising copy, claims sky-writing is on the up-and-up these days.

Tho smoke advertising's newest offshoot—cloud-writing—has not yet flashed commercially through the night, it will tackle its new medium this winter. Following up the fourteen-year-old smoke copy idea, the night technique will turn the advertising night into day.

Writing Ray—Both kinds of celestial salesmanship start with the same man, Maj. John Clifford Savage, pioneer English flier. Inventor of smoke-writing, he boasts that he has signed his name, experimentally, on a ghost-like cloud 7,200 feet above the earth. At his "pencil," the projection of a billion-candle-power ray, even the anti-aircraft experts gaped. It is the most powerful light projector in the world.

Worried by European war threats, the Royal Air Force and the British Army have tested Savage's sweeping beams of light, and peace-time advertising may be some day changed to war-time probing of the night for enemy air-planes and dirigibles. The inventor, however, thinks mainly of advertising.

With immense parabolic reflectors, he will shoot immense rays to the smooth undersides of clouds, there to etch slogans, names, pictures, even color, to get the attention of great outdoor crowds. Advertising volume in clouds isn't big, but it does have its moments of strong appeal.

Debut—It was such a moment that Savage chose to launch sky-writing. On Derby day, May 30, 1922, at England's Epsom Downs, he beaconed the name of Lord Northcliffe's circulation marvel, the London *Daily Mail* (now 1,750,000 copies), in white, smoky letters. Even the Royal Family lifted Windsor chins to watch the pioneer plane that twisted about to spell out the first sky-writing message.

Word of the new advertising sensation reached a Chicago grain-broker, Allan J. Cameron, vacationing on the Continent. He flew to France, wrote a contract with Major Savage, and got a million-franc order from Citroen, one-time "Ford of France." Then the sky-writers got together, mulled over patent rights, territories, selling schemes. Cameron came back to the United States to run the American side of the business.

HELLO U S A! screamed Cameron in smoke over New York City. With this as a starter, he signed up the American Tobacco Company (Lucky Strikes) for 350 writings at $1,000 apiece. Soon a million dollars worth of orders were on the order-books, small in the advertising business, but making 1923-'24 prosperous for genial ex-broker Cameron.

Weather—Since then, sky-writing has had to weather seasons that at times seemed almost smokeless. But 1936 income for space sold totaled as much as the three previous years—and the looming cloud-writing promised even more for 1937.

Selling sky-writing is no easy job. Contracts are for a specific day over a specific place—a race-track, beach, fair, carnival. If the weather is gray and growling, the day is gone and the contract expires. It's a business of luck, and with each writing worth $250 to $500, bad luck can cost money.

Not even all clear days are good enough for sky-writing. A slow, steady wind does no harm, for the plane and the smoke drift along together. Yet a gusty day, with hot buildings starting up-currents or hills twisting wind into air-pockets, is the sky-writer's Nemesis.

Smoke—But if the weather is good enough for a writing to last five or ten minutes, the Skywriting Corporation of America sends one of its specially constructed planes up—there are seven in the country—to tell the world about I. J. Fox Furs or Chevrolets. In the front seat of the plane, ahead of the pilot, is the load that does the work—a tank of light paraffin oil. Any one could make smoke with oil, but it takes a few chemicals (a secret formula) to make the smoke stick together in the air. It has to be a heavy smoke, yet it has to cut off clean when it is turned off by the pilot.

When the pilot has climbed to 10,000 or 17,000 feet (two or three miles), he begins to write. Before him is a chart in reverse of the sales message of ten or fifteen letters. At the start of the first letters he straightens out, pulls a lever, and the oil compound spurts into a specially enlarged exhaust pipe, where engine heat turns the oil to dense, sticky white smoke. The flash point of the oil is theoretically 280 degrees Fahrenheit (not as hot as a frying-pan full of eggs), and the exhaust heat often gets up to 1,000 degrees. But the planes have never yet caught fire.

As each letter is painted in the sky, the pilot climbs a little higher, so his propeller backwash won't spoil the writing. He also keeps flying into the wind to hold the words together.

About a gallon of oil is used for each half-mile high letter. Other expenses: the special patented equipment, aviation gasoline and a specially trained pilot.

Experts—Among the experts in sky-writing flying are Art Goebels, who made aviation history by flying from San Francisco to Honolulu in 1927, and Milo Burchan, who holds the upside-down flying record by virtue of a Chicago-St. Louis flight. Some of the fliers work directly for the Company, others work on a license basis.

While Cameron manages sky-writing in America, and its side-lines, banners trailing from planes, the Voice of the Sky (loud-speakers on low-flying planes), and the forthcoming cloud-projection, Savage works on new inventions in England—and keeps up the flourishing companies in Great Britain and Germany. Central European countries, Scandinavia, Cuba and Australia have also seen messages floating in smoke above them.

But recently French sky-writing has slumped. The Government taxes all outdoor advertising by the square meter.

Stunt fliers do not necessarily make the best sky-writers, as precision flying, methodically dull, is more important than daring and recklessness. Fliers face few dangers, as good weather comes first, a good plane second, and a charted, timed flight third.

Cameron manages sky-writing in America, and its side-lines:

1. Banners trailing from planes, costing up to $100 a beach-long flight.
2. The Voice of the Sky, slow-flying planes with giant loud-speakers booming advertising messages at crowds below.
3. Night signs, glowing on the lower wings of planes on clear, dark nights.

But Savage works on new inventions in England, keeps his eye on other ventures. When he goes abroad for a social evening, he is privileged to wear across his uniform chest the purple and red ribbon of the notable Order of the British Empire, won for World War Service.

Major Savage: inventor of smoke-writing

© *International*

. . . which soars high in advertising

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXPOSING THE FRAUDS AND SWINDLES

Get-Rich-Quick Schemes Keep Better Business Bureaus Busy

The swarthy inventor from Buenos Aires declared he had miraculously discovered a new principle of cold light.

No lay folk understood the apparatus he had set up in Newark, New Jersey, to produce it, but his sales talk was less complicated than his machinery. Cold light would burn steadily without current, he said. It would make alert investors rich. (Look what happened to investors who had faith in Ford!)

In Newark and throughout New Jersey, clerks, laborers and shopkeepers flocked to get in on the ground floor. To do that, they bought stock in the inventor's company.

Investigation—Across the Hudson River in New York, however, a group of business men failed to warm up to cold light. That group was the New York Better Business Bureau. It retained several prominent electrical scientists who ferried over to Newark one day and tested the inventor's switches, motors and fly-wheels. They found the machinery produced much noise but no cold light.

Thereupon the Better Business Bureau warned investors that cold light would make their purses lighter, not heavier, and promptly laid its findings before the New Jersey authorities. Just as promptly, the inventor disappeared. The swindle cost New Jersey citizens almost half a million dollars. It would have cost them much more had not the Better Business Bureau intervened so promptly.

To the bureau, the cold light incident was only part of a week's work. In fifty-one Better Business organizations in America and three in Canada, it is now routine to ferret out similar get-rich-quick artists, shady merchants who prey on gullible customers, advertisers who don't tell the truth.

Swindlers surveying a field of operation have learned to detour about the Better Business Bureau cities. In a recent study of two nation-wide swindles, statisticians discovered that 84 per cent. of the victims lived in communities that lacked such protection.

SEC—Establishment of the Federal Securities and Exchange Commission in 1933 lightened the load these bureaus were carrying. In pre-1929 days, prosecution officials and courts guided themselves by the principle of *caveat emptor* (let the buyer beware). Now, however, it has been established that the seller also must beware. The Securities and Exchange Commission is compelling the promoter and the stock issuer to give full information to investors when securities are floated. (Issuers of securities under $50,000 are exempt from this requirement.)

Yet establishment of the SEC has not completely eliminated stock frauds, and reputable stock and bond houses have joined the Better Business Bureaus in warning potential investors not to be lulled into a false sense of security by the existence of the new regulatory legislation.

"Sell and switch" operators still keep Better Business Bureaus on the jump. In St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville and Detroit, "dynamiters" (high-pressure stock salesmen) continue to reap huge profits by persuading investors to buy legitimate securities; then, when their confidence has been gained, to switch to securities of little or no value. New York, the nation's financial capital, is now temporarily free of this practise, but smaller cities continue to give investigators much trouble.

Don't—From the Better Business Bureaus' cumulative experience with stock swindlers, McCall's Magazine in 1930 distilled these DON'TS for women investors, and Bureau officials say they are still good to-day:

"DON'T believe a fellow who tells you not to tell anybody. There is no such thing as an inside tip. If it's inside, it stays inside; if it is told, it is outside. Gypsters always confide secrets.

Fakers fear Better Business Bureau's Kenner

"DON'T believe a man who reminds you that Ford stock once sold at $5, and climbed to $365. That has been true and may be true again. But it is in the nature of a miracle, and there are few miracles.

"DON'T believe strangers who try to persuade you by mail, telephone, radio or in person. Buy through your banker or broker who is known to you.

"DON'T believe her because she is a woman. There are successful saleswomen who wear jewels and mink coats at the expense of the housewives of the country.

"DON'T hurry. The gypster is always in a rush.

"DON'T be too lazy to study the market for investment as you study the market for food for your family. Money can be made through intelligent acting on information.

"DON'T help criminals to luxurious living."

Animals—Swindles, however, are by no means limited to stock frauds. When the public burned its fingers in 1929 and lost interest in stocks, promoters speedily dusted off an old dodge. Two ex-convicts leased lavish offices in Philadelphia, Chicago and other Midwest cities. For $125 they offered fabulous riches in raising furs. The sum would obtain a trio of muskrats, one male and two females. The promoters published statistics proving fur-bearing animals' prodigious abilities to breed. They offered to care for these muskrats on company land in Wisconsin, Maryland and Ontario. Other promoters offered rabbits on easy terms, sold a unit of ten breeding does and two bucks, with hutches and equipment, at exorbitant prices.

The Philadelphia Better Business Bureau pooled resources with the Bureau in Chicago, broadcast an illustrated bulletin exposing the criminal records of the promoters, warned that careful breeding by an expert might bring ordinary profits, but that others could expect no easy road to riches. Prosecutors in Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and California quashed these rackets with the help of Better Business Bureaus who then turned their attention to promoters who had launched a lavish frog-selling campaign to stock frog-farms for prospective owners in these States.

Oil—No less universal in appeal than the lure of promised riches from rapid-breeding animals is that of riches from oil.

In New York recently, salesmen approached laborers and others with small savings and pointed out that banks pay only 2 per cent. interest. Why not buy oil royalties and receive three or four times that amount in dividends? A typical victim handed over her $2,380 life savings, received a one-third interest in a city lot in Oklahoma. Sobered by parting with her nest-egg, the victim consulted the New York Better Business Bureau, found that the salesman who sold her the oil royalties had himself paid only $1,700 for them to a man who in turn had paid $1,000. The Better Business Bureau informed the victim that the dividend she would receive each month would not be an earnings dividend, but a liquidating dividend. Thus the principal would dwindle.

Similarly venerable is the cemetery-plot swindle. "Easy marks" of modest means rush to their savings banks to deliver life savings to salesmen who argue that population growth will precipitate a shortage of cemetery plots within ten or twenty years. Eventually, of course, more cemetery plots are laid out and a shortage never materializes.

Crusade—The Better Business Bureau movement began in Minneapolis in 1914 as a one-man crusade against fraudulent newspaper advertising. The one man was B. J. Kenner. The movement spread swiftly. To-day Kenner manages the Better Business Bureau of New York. Business firms support it with fees proportionate to their income. The Bureau makes no profits, spends $50,000 annually to gather information which it lays before the Securities and Exchange Commission, the State Attorney General, the Post Office Department and city prosecutors.

What troubles Kenner and his associates most is that victims don't complain vigorously enough about fraud.

Daily, the Bureau in New York and Bureaus throughout the country scan newspaper advertisements, keep eyes open for such typical swindles as the "stuffed flat."

Sell-Outs—Two women complained to the Chicago Bureau that they had answered a classified advertisement in a local newspaper, had met an advertiser who represented himself as a jeweler anxious to sell his household furnishings before moving out of a city. The complainants paid the "jeweler" $150 for furniture which he said had cost him $600. He produced a bill

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from a local furniture store to verify his story. Furniture experts retained by the bureau found that a dining-room suite represented as mahogany was of inferior wood, that a rug represented as Oriental was made of jute. Furthermore, the furniture company whose sales-slip the "jeweler" had produced, had supplied the furniture and financed the fraud. The furniture dealer was convicted in a Chicago court, paid $2,000 fine and spent a year in jail.

Less subtle are the dealers who rent empty flats, fill them with furniture, advertise themselves as private householders forced to sell at a great sacrifice.

Rumors—Recently the New York Better Business Bureau embarked on a hunt which taxes the accumulated experience of twenty-two years. To the bureau have come complaints from member merchants that rumor-mongers were menacing their business with malicious reports. For a fee, they reported, pseudoshoppers will enter a crowded elevator and converse loudly about the inferior quality of that department store's merchandise. Also for a fee, other rumor-mongers will spread reports that a popular brand of cigarettes or a popular chain of candy stores pursues a discriminatory employment policy against certain racial groups.

SNUFF-BOXES: Senate Has Two, South Has Thousands; Sniffing Means Profits

When the august Senate of the United States reassembled in its stately chamber in Washington this week, it found its two official snuff-boxes again in their accustomed places, newly refilled.

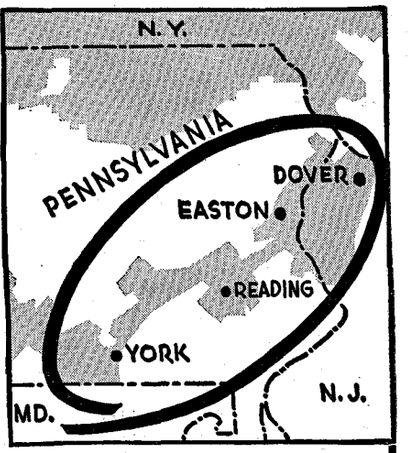
So was a Senatorial tradition sustained and a Senatorial prerogative preserved. Since the earliest days of the Republic, free snuff has been available to Senators in the little balsam-wood containers which rest on shelves built between pillars, one on each side of the Vice President's desk. Time was when the boxes had to be replenished daily. Now, however, their attendant has no more than four or five customers, no greater refilling need than four ounces every two weeks.

Sen. Ellison D. ("Cotton Ed") Smith, of South Carolina, is the most popular patron; others take pinches as they pass, especially on rainy days. But snuff is no longer depended upon to prevent Senatorial colds or to clear Senatorial heads for debate. Nowadays, most of the Senate's supply goes stale or disappears when patriotic souvenir hunters steal the boxes.

Similarly, most moderns think of the use of snuff (fermented, pulverized, flavored tobacco) as an ancient practise that somewhat survived the age of wigs and patches but quite went out when statesmen gave up wearing long hair and stocks and fashionable ladies ceased to speak of a "dish" of tea. Yet snuff production continues to-day to be one of the most prosperous, most stable, of all American industries.

Triumvirate—Three financially sizable and solid corporations devote $44,000,000 of capital to it, distribute approximately $6,000,000 of profits to their shareholders annually. They are the American Snuff, George W. Helme, and United States Tobacco companies. Once all three were parts of the dominant American Tobacco Company, but when the courts dissolved that trust in 1911 they became separate entities,

Putting 15,000 Men to Work



3,000 Jobs Created Each Depression Year in Associated Areas within Line. Other Shaded Areas Are Part of Total Territory Also Served by Associated System.

During the five depression years from 1931 through 1935 more than 15,300 persons were put to work at new industrial jobs in Associated communities in Eastern Pennsylvania and Northwestern New Jersey.

These new jobs resulted from a definite industrial program in which the System's Industrial Development Division, community organizations, and local Associated companies cooperated. This program encouraged 226 new concerns to locate in these areas, and assisted in the expansion of 313 already there.

Nearness to large Eastern markets stimulates the textile, iron and steel, machinery, plant equipment, and many other industries in this area. Information about this and other advantages can be secured from Metropolitan Edison Co., in Reading, or from our Industrial Development Division, 150 Broadway, New York.

ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM

NEW BODIES FOR OLD

By Dorothy Nye

Your body is your autobiography and it is in your power to make the most of the material. It's fun to be alive if your body is supple and active, if it responds easily to your demands on it, if you can control your weight, can relax at will, and sleep when you like!

LESSONS IN LOVELINESS

Writing in an informal, conversational style Miss Nye, a widely known authority on corrective gymnastics, teaches you how to analyze your own body, to study your defects of posture, weight, etc., and how to overcome them. You can have a good time exercising, and Miss Nye proves it.

"I wish every woman who is concerned about her figure would read this book."—*Hildegarde Fillimore,* McCall's Magazine.

With photographs by Arnold Genthe. Pen-and-ink Illustrations by R. Roberts Baldwin.
Cloth. Price, $2.00; $2.14 by mail

At All Bookstores, or from the Publishers

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Amazing! Palace Travel Coach

Four Models • Three Sizes $595 to $2495

New and Outstanding Features!

Electric refrigeration; hot and cold running water; shower; built-in bath tub; odorless chemical toilet; hot water heating system; electric brakes; built-in trunk; full-size third wheel which takes all weight off the car; comfortable sleeping accommodations for as many as eight. A special Super De-luxe, 3-room model, with separate living room, bedroom and tile-finished kitchen.

In short, the new 1937 line marks a step in advance of anything heretofore offered in the travel coach field. Send 10c. for catalog. Dealers: *Exceptional proposition!*

As luxurious as a palace! As sturdy as a castle! As smooth-riding as a costly motor car!

PALACE TRAVEL COACH CORP.
Flint, Michigan

Send 10¢ for CATALOG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Underwood & Underwood

Refilling the senatorial snuff-boxes

each with about one-third of the country's snuff business.

Through the depression years, the three were outstanding exceptions to the general slump in corporate earnings. To-day, as Stock Exchange quotations show, their securities rank high among dependable investments. Their twenty-year average of 38,000,000 pounds annual production is close to their record output in 1928 of 41,000,000. Their 1936 year-end dividends, regular and extra, exceeded $2,500,000.

Snuff-users are most numerous in the South, where 60 per cent. of the country's output is consumed, chiefly by Negroes and "poor whites." The Northwest, Midwest and New England are lesser, yet good, markets for producers. Factory and farm-hands, lumberjacks, shipwrights are steady consumers; also many college professors, churchmen, baseball players and others who may not smoke when at work.

Three methods of use are popular. Most graceful and polite is sniffing a pinch of snuff taken between thumb and forefinger and drawn more or less quickly into the nostrils. Less elegant is rubbing, which permits a quantity of the powdered tobacco to rest for long intervals between gum and cheek. Most vulgar is dipping—a well moistened twig of dogwood or sweet-gum dipped in snuff and then chewed to a frazzle. Southern Negroes usually dip.

Year After Year—Manufacturers do little advertising, make few efforts to induce users to change from their accustomed brands, because they know that the devotion of addicts to this snuff or that is all but unshakeable. For the same reason, they rarely change the labels on the bottles, cans, paper bags and calf-bladders in which their snuff is packaged.

Contrary to a once popular notion, snuff is by no means mere tobacco warehouse sweepings. Half the annual output is "dark-fired" tobacco, made from a rich, heavy leaf that gets most of its peculiar strong flavor from long fermenting. Stored for three years before being cut into powder, the tobacco is sweated during the aging process and much of its nicotin so dissipated. As desired, salts and essential oils may be used for flavoring.

MERCURY, WAR - GOD:

Precious Liquid Metal Monopoly Broken by Spain's Leftists

An item buried among the war dispatches from Madrid last week meant little to most readers, but gave American quicksilver producers their most significant news in nearly a decade. It revealed that Leftist Spain was ending its quicksilver cartel agreement with Fascist Italy.

The two nations produce more than 90 per cent. of European quicksilver. That means about 80 per cent. of the world supply; and to a world engaged in an armament race which requires increasing stocks of quicksilver for explosives, news of a collapsing monopoly is good news.

But to the United States, and specifically to California, which produces nine-tenths of American quicksilver, disruption of a foreign cartel is doubly good news. It means removal of a menace to the very existence of the American industry.

Domestic munitions manufacturers and other consumers absorb about 25,000 flasks of the metal annually. Each flask contains seventy-six pounds. American mines have furnished close to 70 per cent. of this amount in the last several years, so that imports from Spain and Italy have only supplemented supplies from America's own sources. But the threat of foreign monopoly competition has caused both producers and consumers to worry.

To quicksilver producers foreign monopoly presents the constant danger of dumping at ruinous prices. Such was the case when the Spanish-Italian cartel (Mercurio Europeo) dumped its surplus supplies into America in 1932 and forced the price below $50 a flask. To consumers a foreign monopoly presents the menace of exorbitant prices if domestic output fails to meet demand. In 1930, for instance, when domestic production lagged behind the country's needs, the price soared to $115.

Americans maintain they can supply 85 per cent. of the nation's needs if they can get at least $90 a flask for their quicksilver. The Government has listened sympathetically to mine-owners and has granted a $19 per flask protective tariff. As a result, the price has risen to $96.

Wide World

Miners take elaborate precautions for protection from fatal quicksilver particles

Now, the disruption of shipments from abroad leads California producers to hope that San Francisco may resume its former place as the world's most important quicksilver market. It took that position fifty years ago when California was exporting thousands of flasks of quicksilver annually to China, where it is used in the production of vermilion pigment.

Since disastrous 1932, the discovery of new uses for the metal and the quickening rearmament race have pushed American production upward, have encouraged the reopening of abandoned properties. Most famous of the reopened mines is the New Almaden in Santa Clara County, California. The property was so named a century ago for the world's most renowned quicksilver mine, the Almaden in Spain, which Romans, Moors and Spaniards in succession have worked for 2,000 years. The New Almaden in California has since yielded more than 1,000,000 flasks of the metal. At one time it was outshipping its namesake in Spain in production.

As a result of increased activities of California, Oregon and Texas mines, American production in 1936 topped 18,000 flasks, was valued at about $2,000,000.

Consumers know quicksilver as mercury. What consumers generally don't realize is that mercury is both a rare and a precious metal. In time of war, it is indispensable. Besides its use in the production of explosives, armies use it as corrosive sublimate for camp and hospital sanitation and as medical calomel. Governments therefore cherish mercury and are inclined to put a high value on the mines.

Thus, in the past many large quicksilver properties have changed owners as spoils of war. Europe's important Idria mine, for example, was taken from Austria by Italy under the terms of the Peace Treaty.

Producers extract mercury from cinnabar ore by a roasting process which liberates the metal as a vapor at a cost of from 50 cents to $1.25 an ore ton. A fraction of the metal so obtained goes into thermometers, barometers and similar instruments. Approximately 40 per cent. of normal production is used by chemical industries for the manufacture of 100-odd mercuric drugs and medicines, for mercuric compounds, seed disinfectants and germicides employed in combating plant blight. About 6,000 flasks will go into fulminates for military uses.

Mercury will help extract gold and silver from their ores, will help manufacture felt for hats. (Mercuric nitrate roughens rabbit hairs, makes them adhere to each other.) Mercury also will go into the production of vermilion pigment, will be used in electrical apparatus.

Of greater potential importance as a mercury consumer than many of these standard uses is the mercury-vapor boiler which generates power. Thus far some 10,000 flasks of quicksilver are being used in commercial power-plants. The boiler, promoters hold, operates more efficiently than the Diesel engines. Because of its high efficiency, low cost and small space requirements, promoters hope soon to interest ship-makers in it.

Producers of quicksilver are also watching with interest the research which may result in the substitution of their metal for tin in the manufacture of type-metal alloys. Use of the metal in plating iron with lead may provide them with still another outlet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mail

(Continued from page 1)

Should we "advertise" an artist and his work by including his name, his background of experience and, finally, reproducing a picture he hopes to sell?

In describing the operation of the *Hindenburg*, are we to omit the name of the company operating the air-ship, the point at which it takes off, the cost of the trip, what the traveler gets for his money?

When a jewelry-maker, railroad operating company or a radiobroadcasting company finds a new approach to its problem of producing or distributing the goods and services by which we live, should a "universal magazine" fail to identify it with those persons and companies concerned?—*Editor.*

Out of the Red

Sir:—I am discontinuing my subscription to THE LITERARY DIGEST. My reason:

Several weeks ago, you published an article on Boulder Dam, quoting that egotistical gentleman Harold Ickes as saying that he ordered the name Hoover Dam changed to Boulder Dam because it was not the policy of the Government to name a project after a living man.

I wrote you a letter calling your attention to what this Ickes—for whom I have as much respect as I have for a yellow dog—said. I referred you to the fact that the dam in Alabama was named Wilson Dam while that gentleman was alive, also that a dam in Tennessee had been named Norris Dam in honor of that old traitor from Nebraska. But you failed to print the correction, altho you acknowledged my letter. It seems you are not disposed to be fair.

As one of the 17,000,000 Republicans who supported Alf Landon in the recent election, and one who believes that unless the brakes are applied we are headed for destruction, I am asking you to take my name off your subscription list.

W. B. BELL.

Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Sir:—I do not care to have THE LITERARY DIGEST any more. According to your paper, the rearming to the utmost of the Allian (*sic*) Powers was nothing and the break of their promise to disarm was nothing! Germany should not lift one finger and just wait to be walked over by all the other Powers.

Turning back the red flood has been a wrong thing, according to your paper, and establishing a new order was not right. But if it should be like it is in Spain, now, that would not matter. Excuse me for telling you so, but you should be just and not put all the blame on one side.

(THE REV.) S. WALDMANN.

Kleinsvelke, Germany.

And Into the Black

Sir:—THE LITERARY DIGEST editors are stealing a march on the nation's daily papers in taking apparently insignificant items and molding them into vivid human documents. Too often do newspapers fail to bring out the meaning amongst the jumble of facts they print; you've got the angle, demonstrated so aptly by your Baker estate story—a "wow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

New York City.

Lariar in New York American

"Cecil finds this cheaper than electricity!"

Sir:—Reading of your story, "Canal Exposé," in the December 12 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST impels me to express my approval of your policy of frankness. In the opinion of one who has lived on the Isthmus for a number of years, you outlined conditions exactly.

I shall be a faithful reader of your magazine.

LEROY VAUGHN.

Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Sir:—After a trial subscription to your refurbished magazine, I have decided to attach myself to your permanent subscription list. I've tried 'em all, but unquestionably you have the best publication in your field.

C. W. BEERBOWER.

Roanoke, Virginia.

Sir:—Your article, "Coal Bootlegging: An Octopus," in the December 12 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST was highly illuminating concerning the economic life of great masses of people in America. It seems that a group of men in Pennsylvania, in order to eke out a precarious living, do not throw themselves upon the shoulders of their fellow men but have sufficient self-respect to bestir themselves in their own behalf. . . . Thieves, legally, these men may admit themselves to be . . ."

CHRIS SPINDLER.

Molina, Colorado.

Children's Book Reviews

Sir:—I am a boy of twelve years old and I read to my little sister your book reviews of children's books which were written by young people like myself. I liked them very much and hope you will have more pieces of writing by children in your magazine. I read it (THE LITERARY DIGEST) pretty often for school work, but I liked this story best.

GEORGE AND HELEN MORAN.

Chicago, Illinois.

Serrano in New Masses

"Well, how does it feel to be working, son?"

Alaska to Hawaii

Sir:—I found your article on Hawaii (November 7 issue) correct in all instances save distance from Alaska. Recalling the temperature of North Pacific waters, I hope no Alaskan aviator attempts to fly down here with a supply of gasoline to cover only the 1,200 miles distance you stated.

ELMER CHEATHAM.

Hakaweli, T. H.

From U. S. Naval Base, Dutch Harbor, Alaska, to U. S. Naval Base, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, is 2,100 miles, well within range of latest model bombers, not the 1,200 miles indicated by a typographical transposition of two digits.—*Editor.*

Rembrandt

Sir:—In the December 12 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, in discussing Charles Laughton's "Rembrandt," your movie critic called the great painter "Flemish."

Rembrandt, of course, was not a Fleming; he was born in Leyden, The Netherlands, and therefore is a Netherlands painter.

HARRY C. BEUMER.

Enka, North Carolina.

Mr. Beumer is correct in his statement that Rembrandt was not a Flemish painter, incorrect in calling him a Netherlander. For altho the United States officially referred to Holland as The Netherlands as early as 1932, it was not until November, 1934, that The Netherlands officially banned Dutch as an adjective.

It is proper to refer to Rembrandt as a Dutch painter, an *Alt Niederlandisch*, or a master of the old Dutch school.—*Editor.*

Did You Know—

That a plan to offer regular scholarships to star athletes has been submitted to Big Ten officials? (See page 32.)

That 98 per cent. of all Americans need voice training? (See page 21.)

That one adult in every ten is infected by syphilis at some time during his life? (See page 16.)

Why television isn't in every home by now, despite the fact it has been technically "ready to shoot" for months? (See page 17.)

That a modest college professor recently gave half a million to the University where he teaches? (See page 22.)

What Jim Farley's two pet peeves are? (See page 20.)

Who unscrambled a $1,243,000 egg recently? (See page 23.)

Chaplains in Uniform

Sir:—Your religious page article in the December 26 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST raises the question of whether or not ministers serving the Army should wear military uniforms. Do ministers going abroad as missionaries adopt the costume of the Zulus or the Hottentots? When a man becomes a prison chaplain, does he wear stripes?

It seems to me that a minister might be allowed to wear the regular garb of his church, even tho he serves our armed forces. How could this lose him his power over the men as one person quoted in your article claims? Wouldn't it be just the opposite? If he wore holy dress he would command greater reverence and respect.

J. T. G.

Muncie, Indiana.

Housing

Sir:—Your recent articles on housing are indeed timely.

A tour of several States, such as I have made recently, should impress any one with the building activity now in the ascendancy. Never have I seen so many homes in the course of construction.

Here at Arlington, a city is developing before our very eyes, a city of substantial homes with entire groups patterned after some particular period. It is refreshing to see rows of shiny new stores occupied as soon as they are completed.

All this is an augury of a brighter future, a happier and more prosperous country. The carpenter's hammer has replaced the auctioneer's.

R. C. O'BRIEN.

Arlington, Virginia.

Production vs. Consumption

Sir:—As there are goods in plenty here in America, why should there be any problem about supporting the middle-aged (or any aged) worker?

Certainly, there is no production problem. Otherwise, there would be no need for destroying enormous quantities of food, cotton, *etc.*, to maintain prices.

The *real* object of work is to produce. Agriculture and industry are efficiently doing their jobs of producing goods and services. Why, then, should any one ask them to employ more men?

The job to be accomplished, obviously, is not the problem of the agriculturist or the industrialist, but of the financier, who must see that individuals comprising the nation have the money (or tickets of whatever represents a claim on goods) with which to buy the goods they have produced. Why does not the Government order those who control the nation's money system (a sovereign function) to do *their* job in a more effective manner?

E. J. ATTER.

Carmel, California.

The Woman I Love

Sir:—London and American newspapers and THE LITERARY DIGEST have misquoted one word of the farewell broadcast of Edward VIII. Edward did not refer to Mrs. Simpson as "the woman I love," but as "the *one* I love."

I have a foolish aversion to the word "woman" and would have noticed Edward's use of the word.

MRS. D. F. KING.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

Countless electrical transcriptions of the present Duke of Windsor's farewell address have no aversion to the word "woman," which was heard by millions over the radio, in newsreel transcriptions and is printed in the British Broadcasting Company's magazine "The Listener," December 16 issue.—*Editor.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Off-Side

Veils—Distressed by 1937 interpretation of St. Paul's "Veil" statements, the Bishop of Ely (England) feels that the "women must wear hats" rule is being carried too far. He doubts that St. Paul considered modern hats when making his declaration.

* * *

Humiliation—"Cigar butts in the morning coffee" was the ground of cruelty in Edwin A. Hoffman, Jr.'s divorce case reported from Media, Pennsylvania. The complainant averred his wife emptied ash-trays in his breakfast beverage as part of "a campaign to humiliate me."

* * *

Parking—Stickers reading "This Car Is Illegally Parked" were found on Urbana, Illinois, wind-shields last week. Mayor Dallas McCrery hoped this would induce citizens to observe parking regulations.

* * *

Bonus—Furious, outraged and generally humiliated by the absence of year-end bonuses by their firm, bus drivers and conductors in the International Settlement, the French Concession and the Nantao areas of Shanghai, China, refused to collect fares from thousands of passengers.

* * *

Checkers—For sixteen and one-half hours the eastern Ohio checker championship tournament was held in a Wellsville, Ohio, restaurant. The owner, wearied, suggested a move. To a house, twenty miles distant, the contestants adjourned. An hour later the match went to George Calhoun of Wellsville.

* * *

Model—Even animals in Durham, North Carolina, are helping to avoid jaywalking, according to Policeman John Wilson. Every evening about 7 o'clock, two cats come to a corner of his beat, wait for the green light, cross the street.

* * *

Family—Known throughout Japan as the largest family, the sixty-seven members of the Sohei Kobayashi tribe have lived together under the same roof for many years. Now they plan to separate into seven different households.

* * *

Robbery—"Help! I've been robbed," shouted a voice, phoning Indianapolis police headquarters. "You've been robbed?" "Well—half-robbed." "What do you mean—half-robbed?" "I didn't have any money," the voice replied.

* * *

Potatoes—The Smith Brothers of South Westport, Massachusetts, won high honors in Bristol County's 300 Bushels to the Acre Potato Club. Their score was 459 bushels of No. 1 potatoes to the acre.

* * *

Treaty—A searcher in the Foreign Office files of the French Government in Paris discovered that some one has removed the German Declaration of War delivered to France on August 2, 1914.

* * *

Superstition—The cruiser *Devonshire* has sailed away for the first time from England without the silver duplicate of Sir Francis Drake's drum, a prominent decoration. Reason given was that officers and men believe it brought bad luck.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Service.—WAITER: "Did I bring you a menu?"

CUSTOMER: "If you did, I ate it."—*Florida Times-Union.*

And Effective.—A naturalist says that if a king cobra's fangs are removed, a new pair will grow. So the old method of cutting its tail off close up to the neck is still the most efficient.—*Punch (London).*

Recalcitrant.—BILL (viciously attacking a piece of chicken): "This must be an incubator chicken."

JOE: "Why?"

BILL: "No chicken with a mother could be so tough."—*Boston Transcript.*

Goodness!—WIFE (to her husband in the next room): "My dear, what are you opening that can with?"

HUSBAND: "Why, with a can-opener. What did you think I was doing it with?"

WIFE: "Well, I thought from your remarks that you were opening it with a prayer."—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

Bovine.—ARTIST: "That, sir, is a cow grazing."

VISITOR: "Where is the grass?"

ARTIST: "The cow has eaten it."

VISITOR: "But where is the cow?"

ARTIST: "You don't suppose she'd be fool enough to stay there after she'd eaten all the grass, do you?"—*Daily Worker (New York).*

Edited.—An English cub reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief, turned in the following:

"A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Panmore's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a highball, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice to his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that sort of thing."—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

Cautious.—Father was standing at the edge of a cliff admiring the sea below, the sandwiches clutched in his hand. His son approached him and tugged at his coat.

"Mother says it isn't safe here," said the boy. "And you're either to come away or else give me the sandwiches!"—*Providence Journal.*

Strangle-Hold.—On a crowded car:

"Madam, would you like me to get you a strap?"

"No, thank you, I have one."

"Then would you mind letting go of my necktie?"—*Annapolis Log.*

Fly.—A fly was walking with her daughter on the head of a man who was very bald. "How things change, my dear," she said. "When I was your age, this was only a footpath."—*Exchange.*

Challenge—A hard-driving taxi driver ignored a red signal, threatened a policeman's knees, missed the street island by a hair, and grazed a bus, all in one dash.

The policeman hailed him, then strolled over to the taxi, pulling a big handkerchief from his pocket *en route.*

"Listen, cowboy," he growled. "On the way back I'll drop this and see if you can pick it up with yer teeth."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Ars Longa—AUCTIONEER: "What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns?"

MAN IN CROWD: "That ain't Burns . . . that's Shakespeare."

AUCTIONEER: "Well, folks, the joke's on me. That shows what I know about the Bible."—*Montreal Star.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Bulow—Senator (D.) from South Dakota—as if spelled *bew'lo.*

Dingell—Representative (D.) from Michigan—rimes with *tingle.*

Gildea—Representative (D.) from Pennsylvania—as one would *say,* James H. *Gil-day'.*

Havenner—Representative (Prog.-Dem.) from California—not *hav-enner,* but *hay'venner.*

Mouton—Representative (D.) from Louisiana—don't slur second part: *moo'tawn,* not *moo'tn.*

Poage—Representative (D.) from Texas—rimes with *brogue.*

Seger—Representative (R.) from New Jersey—rimes with *eager.*

Smathers—Senator (D.) from New Jersey—change *o* of *smothers* to *a* of *fast*: *smath'ers.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Due to a temporary vagrancy on the college staff, Miss M——— was pressed into service.—*Hutchinson (Kan.) paper.*

Quasi-bums on the faculty?

TWO SUSPICIOUS BLAZES CAUGHT IN J——— MANSION.—*New York paper.*

Maybe just a couple of the cook's old flames.

Barnyard College, Columbia University's school for women, voted sixteen to one to-day against an anti-kissing strike begun in the University of Utah.—*Pasadena (Calif.) paper.*

We suspect fowl play.

Aviation's highest honor, the medal of th Federation Aeronautique Internationale, w be awarded posthumorously to-night.—*Pom (Calif.) paper.*

Looks like the federation gets the laugh.

ANNOUNCE GIRTH OF A SON.—*burg (N. C.) paper.*

Coming right out into the op it, heh?

It is reported that *the city council s planning on running a municipal sore.—Endeglin (N. D.) paper.*

On the body politic?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

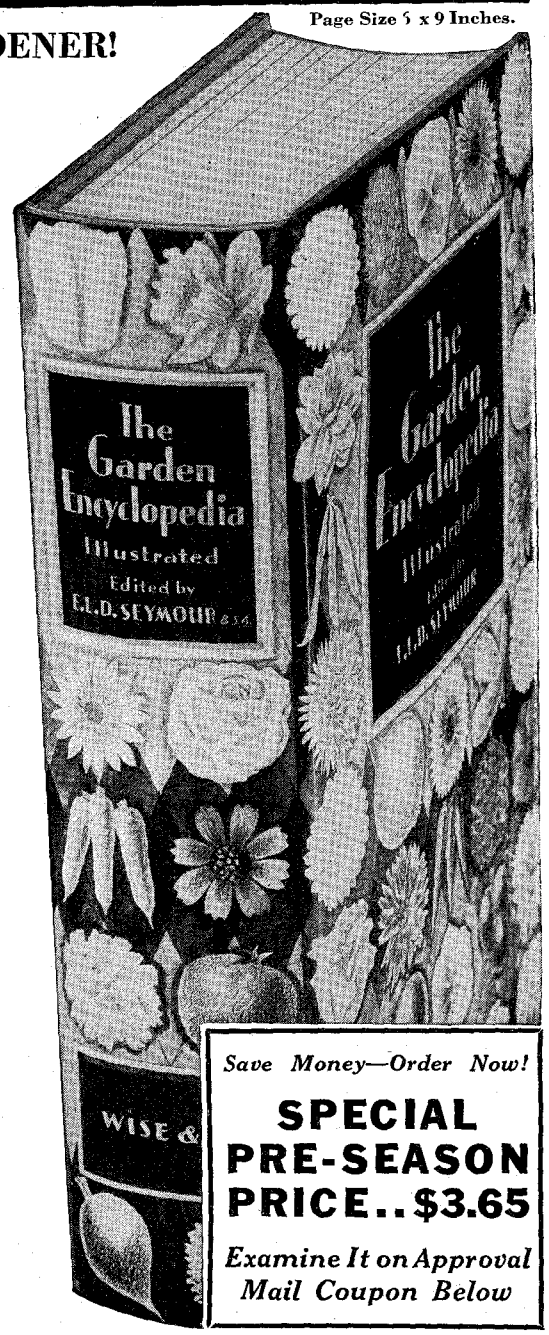
The Biggest, Most Practical Book of GARDEN INFORMATION

EVER PUBLISHED FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER!

Page Size 5 x 9 Inches.

The Garden Encyclopedia

At last, a complete garden encyclopedia in ONE volume! Answers every question about your garden that you are likely to face, in simple non-technical language, in convenient alphabetical arrangement that enables you to turn *instantly* to just the facts you want. No more need to search through dozens of incomplete books for information. Now *every point* that puzzles you is explained briefly, clearly, authoritatively in this one book. Its scope is amazing; it covers *every problem* of planning, planting and caring for your garden. *NEW from cover to cover and right up to the minute!*



Nearly 1400 Pages • 750 Pictures •

10,000 Authoritative Articles

Complete pronouncing guide for every plant subject.

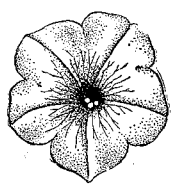
WRITTEN BY AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL EXPERTS

Edited by E. L. D. SEYMOUR, B. S. A.

How to Grow Every Flower, Vegetable, Shrub
How to Select the Best Kinds
How, When and Where to Plant
How to Plan a Garden for Beauty and Success
How to Care for and Cultivate
How, When, and Where to Transplant
How to Condition Soil and Fertilize
How to Overcome Pests and Diseases
How to Store Roots, Bulbs, etc., for Winter
How to Prune, Disbud, etc.
How to Cultivate Indoor and Window Boxes

WHATEVER YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR GARDEN IS INSTANTLY FOUND HERE!

Written for the Climate, Soils, Seasons and Methods of All Parts of the U. S.



Annual Flowers
Classes
General Characteristics
Easy to Grow Varieties
Hard to Grow Varieties
Hardy Types
Half-Hardy Types
Selection
Grouping
Germination Tables
Starting Indoors
Planting Dates
Planting Methods
Transplanting
Thinning Out
Fertilizing
Watering
Pinching
Cultivation
Varieties of Flowers

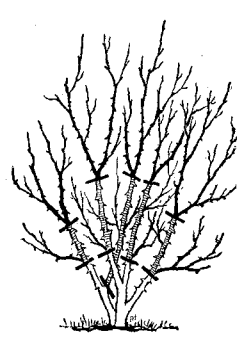
Flowering Bulbs For Spring Planting
For Fall Planting
Roses
Flowering Shrubs
Ornamental Vines
Ornamental Trees
Fruit Trees
Berries
Hedges
Lawns
Preparing Soil
Rock Garden
Water Gardens
Evergreens
Wild Flowers
Window Boxes
Fertilizers
Vegetables
Pests
Diseases
Hot Beds and Cold Frames
Soil Preparation
Garden Planning
Tables
Succession Planting
Winter Storage
Old Fashioned Garden
Transplanting
Pruning
Tools
Shows and Exhibits
Fences and Walls
Ferns
Cactus
Greenhouses
Grafting

Save Money—Order Now!

SPECIAL PRE-SEASON PRICE..$3.65

Examine It on Approval
Mail Coupon Below

How to Prune a Rose Bush Spring and Fall



One of the many expertly drawn diagrams in The Garden Encyclopedia. This great book *shows* as well as *tells* you how to do everything. 750 illustrations, including 250 half-tones, as practical and easy to understand as the text which accompanies them.

GARDEN PLANS FREE

beautiful 16 page booklet in color con- ng Garden and Landscape Plans ith the Garden Encyclopedia. Keep E in connection with book.

MINE THIS BOOK FREE!

this great GARDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA at the special pre- 65. Just sign and send coupon now, with no money, to reserve notify you when volume is ready to ship. Then send $1.00 DEN ENCYCLOPEDIA, with free garden plans, will a week's examination. If you are not delighted, return refunded at once. If you keep it, your deposit is first 1.00 per month.

A Whole Shelf of Garden Books in ONE Up-To-Date Volume

SPECIAL PRE-SEASON PRICE $3.65
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

WM. H. WISE & CO., Publishers,
Dept. 81, 50 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y.

I wish to examine, without obligation or expense, one copy of the Garden Encyclopedia. Notify me when ready to ship and I will send one dollar deposit. Ship fully prepaid for one week's examination. If I return the book you will refund my deposit at once. If I keep it the deposit is my first payment and I will send $1.00 each month until the special pre-season price of $3.65 (plus a few cents postage) is paid. The Garden Plans are to be mine free, in connection with the book.

If full cash accompanies order, book will be sent postage free. Same return privilege, of course.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if you wish beautiful artcraft binding for only $1.00 more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED